

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2423.—VOL. LXXXVII.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1885.

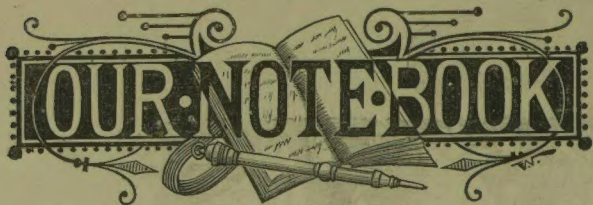
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R. Caton Woodville.  
1885

THE REVOLUTION IN EASTERN ROUMELIA: PRINCE ALEXANDER I. OF BULGARIA; WITH HIS SERVANT.





Gilpin says truly in his "Forest Scenery" that, within equal limits, few parts of England afford a greater variety of beautiful landscape than the New Forest. Since his day much of its beauty has been destroyed by the exchange of noble oaks and beeches for plantations of firs, but happily enough remains to justify the assertion still. More delightful woodland scenery when viewed in the wealth of its summer glory or in the golden light of autumn it would indeed be difficult to find. Of its 91,000 acres several thousands have been converted into a nursery of young trees; but by the Act of 1877 the rights of the Crown are limited, and there can be no further encroachments. It has been proposed that this Act should be rescinded, and the forest managed wholly for purposes of profit. Not yet, it is to be hoped, has the love of utility so dominated Englishmen. Beauty has its claims as well as money-making, and England is not so rich in open woodland as to give up, for the sake of larch plantations, a possession like the New Forest.

The death of Principal Shairp, who was at one time Professor of Poetry at Oxford, will be regretted by a large number of readers to whom he was personally unknown. The author of "Studies in Poetry and Philosophy," a volume of suggestive essays on "Culture and Religion," and of another on "Poetic Interpretation of Nature," has done much to stimulate, if not wholly to satisfy, many thoughtful minds. It is scarcely possible to read these books as they deserve to be read without gaining that food for thought which is the outcome of the best literature. Mr. Shairp's books are not manufactures, but growths; and there is little reason to fear that their vital power will cease with the death of the author.

There is a curious instance of a blunder caused by imperfect recollection in a writer so little prone to commit blunders as George Eliot. The motto of Chapter 48 of Book VI. of *Daniel Deronda* instructs us that "'Tis a hard and ill-paid task to order all things beforehand by the rule of our own security, as is well hinted by Machiavelli concerning Caesar Borgia, who, saith he, had thought of all that might occur on his father's death, and had provided against every evil chance save only one; it had never come into his mind that when his father died, his own death would quickly follow." A moment's reflection would have shown George Eliot that Machiavelli could not have written thus. Why should Caesar Borgia have been so anxious to provide against every possible contingency upon his father's death if he had not foreseen that it might occasion his own? What he really told Machiavelli was that he never foresaw that, at the period of his father's death, he would himself be so ill as to be unable to execute any of the measures he had devised in anticipation of the event.

There is a still more curious mistake in the chief work of George Eliot's literary associate. In Lewes's "Life of Goethe" (vol. ii., p. 421) a famous story is thus mentioned: "Harpagus, on discovering that he has feasted on his own children in the banquet set before him by *Thyestes*, remains quite calm." For *Thyestes* read *Astyages*. Lewes probably intended to write *Atrous*, by whom *Thyestes* was served in the same fashion as Harpagus.

It is, perhaps, hardly likely that Lewes's "Life of Goethe"—an invaluable work in its day, and even yet the only life of Goethe in any language with any pretensions to literary merit—will be reprinted. Its numerous defects have become more apparent than they were, and so much new material has come to light, that it will probably be found easier, as well as more satisfactory, to write a new biography than to revise the old one. It may, nevertheless, be worth while to note one or two particulars calling for restatement. In Chapter 1 of Book VI., Dannecker is censured for having "grossly departed from truth in his desire to idealize" Schiller's skull. "Artists always believe that they know better than Nature." But since Lewes wrote it has been almost proved that the skull which then passed for Schiller's is not Schiller's at all, and the probability is that Dannecker's artistic instinct guided him correctly.

A little further on Lewes says, "It is a very curious fact in the history of Shakspeare that he is not known to have written a single line in praise of any contemporary poet." But although Shakspeare prefixed no formal copies of verse to his friends' writings, he has, in Sonnet 86, paid an unnamed contemporary poet the highest possible compliment by expressing his apprehension that his verse will prevail over Shakspeare's own. Professor Minto has almost proved that Chapman was the poet referred to; the opinion that he was Dante probably remains the exclusive property of the gentleman who has propounded it in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Again, in same chapter (p. 198), Moore and Peacock are named among the contributors to the *Liberal*. Neither of them had anything to do with it, and the former used all his influence to dissuade Byron from the undertaking.

In Sir Moses Montefiore the Jewish colony in England certainly lost the most representative type of the ancient Hebrew patriarch. A love of Jerusalem and the Holy Land was an abiding influence in his long life; and among the proofs of it one exists in the very busiest thoroughfare of London, probably quite unnoticed by those who traverse Park-lane. In a little plot of ground railed in in front of the late Sir Moses Montefiore's town residence stands a rough pillar of stones brought from the Valley of Jehoshaphat, so that from his window he could look upon the stones brought from the sacred spot.

To gain a livelihood at all is difficult enough for most people in most places, but the difficulty must be extreme when, as at Honeywell Mills, Oldham, if you accept work on the only terms on which you can get it, you are liable to be insulted, knocked down, and have your head "severely cut." Things have come to a pretty pass if the police are to give up their ordinary duties in order to see that the poor working man is not molested or even murdered by his "mates" on his way to and from his work. The inhabitants of a free country have a perfect right to combine, if they like, against employers of labour; and it is, of course, excessively annoying when their combination is spoilt by a lot of "knobsticks"; but, on the other hand, the inhabitants of a free country have a perfect right to be "knobsticks" if they like, without going in peril of their lives. You may refuse to touch a "knobstick" with the tongs, you may avoid him like the plague, you may even curse him by bell, book, and candle (if you keep within the law), but reason, as well as the law, forbids that you should molest him in his attempts to make a living for himself and his wife and children by means of which you do not approve.

Dogs have been "on the tapis" a great deal lately; but the palm of awfulness must be assigned to the story told in the *St. James's Gazette*, by "W. Pocklington," about a veterinary surgeon's assistant, who was summoned to poison "a large retriever," in the most dangerous stage of rabies, in Soho, a short time ago. The assistant found himself, having sent his guide away for a light, alone in a dark cellar with the mad dog, and became suddenly aware that the dog had somehow got loose. The dog, "explored" him, in canine fashion, and covered his "trousers, vest, coat, hands, and face with the saliva" from the rabid mouth; and all the while the assistant, of course, dared not move, dared not even faint. At last, after a few minutes of time but an age of suspense, the guide returned with a light, which called off the dog's attention. The dog, fearing apparently to be chained up again, left his "exploration" and went slinking into a corner; whereupon the assistant dashed at the door and slammed it behind him, having miraculously made good his escape. "More dead than alive," the assistant sank down upon the nearest apology for a seat, was revived by a much-needed "nip" of brandy, pulled himself together, and, as the mad dog rushed furiously at the door, opened it an inch or two and discharged the contents of a syringe filled with hydrocyanic acid into the poor brute's gaping mouth. "In a few seconds," we read, "all was over."

Now that "free-schools" has become, if not a common catchword, at least a party shibboleth, it might be as well to inquire what was really meant by the term when it was first introduced. It was originally applied, from the pre-Reformation period to the times of the Stuarts, to a number of schools which were then being established throughout the country by what we should now call private enterprise. They were to be "free" of all ecclesiastical control, whether that of the bishop of the diocese, of the cathedral chapter, or of the neighbouring monastery. These "free grammar-schools" were to teach religion, manners, Latin, and Greek; and, so far from being gratuitous, a reference to their charters will show that they almost invariably laid down the fees to be paid by the scholars, all of whom, presumably at least, were destined for the learned professions. Our forefathers were not sentimentalists in the matter of education, and it certainly never entered the minds of "pious founders" that Hodge's children would wish to learn Latin or Greek. In many of these schools there were, it is true, a few places for scholars whose parents were unable to pay the fees, and election to them was left in the hands of the governing bodies; but they constituted a very small proportion, and the holders occupied a very inferior position. Those, therefore, who pretend that the secondary education of this country was ever intended to be gratuitous must show that the term *schola libera* applied to these schools ever refers to freedom from pecuniary obligations.

On the principle that everyone is permitted to dispose of his own money as he pleases, there have been from time to time recorded some extremely eccentric, not to say stupid, bequests. When, a short while ago, an American gentleman bequeathed a sum of money to the one of his fellow-townsmen whose head was balder than that of any other, it really seemed as though the apex of testamentary silliness had been reached; but it was not. A wealthy banker of Philadelphia, fired, no doubt, by the example of the admirer of bald heads, has directed his executors to pay no less a sum than £20,000 to the man who, within three months of the testator's death, shall have exhibited the longest and most disfiguring nose. Here, indeed, is a premium on ugliness; and the reason of the disposition is that the banker himself suffered inconvenience and petty annoyance from the chaff which his own nasal organ, of abnormal size, subjected him to. If, now, a restriction had been made to the effect that the recipient of the legacy should be of the fair sex, there would have been more method in the deceased's eccentricity, for £20,000 to a woman may be looked on by many ladies as a substantial compensation for lack of beauty.

Yorkshire has recently produced two young highwaymen, whose only excuse for their behaviour must be the love of horseflesh for which their fellow-countrymen are notorious. Unfortunately, these lads loved someone else's horse, and loved it so well that they borrowed it without permission and rode it away to Doncaster, with the sole object of seeing the race for the St. Leger run. Had they ridden the animal back to its owner's stables, perhaps they might have escaped punishment; but their affection for the equine race seems to have evaporated too soon, and they offered to dispose of their charger, valued at forty pounds, for the modest but to them remunerative sum of ten shillings. This moderation caused them to be taken before the local magistrate, who prescribed a flogging; so the juvenile Dick Turpins, having partaken of the joys of possessing horseflesh, will now be treated to a taste of horsewhip.

The first novelty which greets the traveller on approaching the coast of Norway are the numberless seals sprawling over the granite rocks, which are dotted along every fjord. If not exactly beautiful, seals are at least picturesque; and unless the traveller be also a salmon-fisher, he will probably regard the "phoca" with as much satisfaction as did Mr. Oldbuck, Sir Walter Scott's "Antiquary." But it is to be feared that the great falling-off of the Norwegian salmon fisheries is due in some degree to the privileges of unlimited poaching which the seals enjoy. Since these animals have abandoned all but a few spots on the Scotch shores, the salmon, with the co-operation of Mr. Frank Buckland and his imitators, have rapidly increased, and both the net-farmers and the rod-fishers have reason for contentment. That seals are voracious and unconscionable poachers has recently appeared from some statistics furnished by the Harbour authorities of San Francisco. It seems that it is only of recent years that these animals have shown themselves so far south in the Pacific, and it is now estimated that in San Francisco Harbour alone there are upwards of 4000, consuming 120 tons of the best fish, such as salmon, shad, herrings, and the like, which feed along the shore in comparatively shallow water. The worst of it is, that the "Frisco" seal is worthless for fur or oil, and therefore altogether a different phoca to that which is found some hundreds of miles to the north, off the shores of Alaska territory.

It is perhaps almost forgotten that Mr. William Galignani, the younger of the two brothers who founded *Galignani's Messenger*, died leaving a large fortune to charitable objects. One of these, the "Asile Galignani," has at length so far progressed that its statutes are drawn up, and the three millions of francs (£120,000) destined for this object will, when the building is erected, furnish a home for one hundred necessitous persons, of either sex, being of the age of sixty years and upwards. Of these, fifty will have to pay an annual "pension," the amount of which will be hereafter determined. The remainder—who will be boarded, lodged, and clothed gratuitously—are to consist of ten old French booksellers or printers, or the widows or daughters of such; twenty men of letters or artists, or the fathers, mothers, widows, or daughters of such; and twenty savants, or their relatives of the same degree; in all cases the benefits being limited to French people, who must furnish proof of poverty. There is a certain touch of grim humour in supposing that the parents of artists and savants are as likely to come to want as the devotees of art and science themselves; whilst the careful exclusion of the sons of the latter is, perhaps, intended to suggest that no man has any right to pursue a career which his father found to be unprofitable. With the sad example of Maybury in our minds, we can scarcely anticipate the success of the Asile Galignani, where ruined booksellers and neglected authors will meet on equal terms.

Paris, which capital has for years set the fashion as to ladies' costumes, has been encouraging high head-gear. From the old pork-pie to the sailor's hat, from the sailor's to the high-crowned, and from the high-crowned to what is called the steeple, the steps have been gradual, but sure; and now that a foot does not seem to much for the fair sex to add to their stature, the the-re-goers of Vienna have put down their feet, and insisted on more moderation. No doubt, it is inconvenient for those who sit in the back rows of the auditorium to have to bob their heads from side to side to catch a glimpse of what progresses on the stage; and, when their view was unnecessarily impeded by screens of feathers and straw, they intimated to the management of the opera-house that they would stand it no longer. And now the mandate has gone forth that the Austrian damsels who took pattern from the Parisians must either remove their hats, or stay away from the opera.

We are not surprised to hear that a rival to the cat is being started—at the Zoological Gardens for the present; but in time, no doubt, no home will be complete without a banded suricate. The fact is, that so much sentiment and philosophy have been expended upon the cat of daily life, that she has forgotten her original mission. Formerly, cats were kept for a primary reason to catch mice; or, to state the proposition more scientifically, cats caught mice because the latter came within their reach. For some reason, at present unexplained by the cat-philosophers, cats do not fulfil this function. Either they have acquired the notion that it is a work better discharged by traps, or else cats have risen above their station, and have withdrawn themselves from such menial occupations to enjoy an endowment without the labour of research; or else they are content to smile and look beautiful when Madame Michelet, or any other cat-enthusiast, sets herself to study their philosophic demeanour, or their profound astuteness in the pursuit of their wishes or of their train of thought.

At Doncaster last week Mr. Peck's two-year-old colt The Bard won the Tattersall Sale Stakes (£725), making the unparalleled and even miraculous number of sixteen successive "wins" (including, of course, a "walk-over" or so), and the amount of money won in stakes a few shillings over £9188 for the original 650 guineas he cost as a yearling. By-the-way, it is pertinent to remark that a Mr. Peck, an owner and runner of race-horses, appears in the records as early as 1728 (running a mare called Fair Rosamond at Oxford), and was probably an ancestor of the Pecks who in later days were to become celebrated as jockeys, trainers, and owners of such horses as Doncaster and The Bard, to say nothing of Philosophy; for we know how horse-racing is "in the blood." There is "horsey" descent to be traced in the case of nearly every member of the present Jockey Club, whether they actually race or not.

"'Tis a mad world, my masters": another "Hermit" yearling (Whistle Jacket, son of Hermit and Fortress) fetched 3600 gs. at Doncaster last week. Perhaps the name was considered worth the money, as more than a hundred years ago Sir W. Middleton's (afterwards Lord Rockingham's) Whistle Jacket (foaled 1749) was a famous horse, ran till he was over ten years of age, and "was beat only four times."



## THE COURT.

The Queen held a council at Balmoral on Thursday week. There were present Viscount Cranbrook, the Earl of Iddesleigh, and the Right Hon. J. A. Macdonald. Sir Henry Holland was introduced and sworn a member of the Privy Council. He kissed hands on appointment as Vice-President of the Committee of Council of Education. Afterwards Viscount Cranbrook had an audience of her Majesty. In the morning the Queen went out with Princess Beatrice, and in the afternoon her Majesty drove with her Royal Highness, attended by Lady Churchill. Prince Henry of Battenberg and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse went out deerstalking. The Earl of Iddesleigh had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. Yesterday week the Queen went out in the morning, attended by Lady Churchill. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, attended by the Hon. Frederica Fitzroy, made the ascent of Lochnagar, and met her Majesty, who was attended by Lady Churchill and the Hon. Harriet Phipps, in the afternoon, at the Glassalt Shiel. The Duchess of Albany visited the Queen in the morning, and remained to luncheon, and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived at the castle. The Earl of Iddesleigh, Major Hoyle, in attendance on the Duke of Edinburgh, and Herr Muther had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. Last Saturday morning the Queen went out driving with Princess Beatrice, and drove in the afternoon with her Royal Highness. Prince Henry of Battenberg and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse went out deerstalking. The Duke of Edinburgh left the castle. Divine service was conducted at the castle on Sunday morning in the presence of the Queen and Royal family and the members of the household. The Rev. A. Campbell officiated. Her Majesty, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, visited the Duchess of Albany in the afternoon. The Queen honoured Braemar with a special visit on Monday, arriving in an open carriage drawn by four greys, with mounted postilions, and preceded by outriders. The arrival of the Royal party was simultaneous with that of the coming in of the afternoon passenger-coaches. The crowd loyally saluted her Majesty, who graciously acknowledged the compliments. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg went out driving. Madame Albani-Gye, who is staying at Old Mar Lodge, was invited to Balmoral, and had the honour of singing before the Queen and Royal family in the afternoon. His Excellency Sir Edward Thornton arrived at the castle; and in the evening the Earl of Iddesleigh and Sir Edward Thornton dined with the Queen and Royal family.

## BULGARIA AND EASTERN ROUMELIA.

Continental politicians have this week been excited by the sudden news of a revolution, effected in one day without bloodshed or disorder, in one of the provinces hitherto dependent on the Turkish Empire. This is the one called Eastern Roumelia, on the south side of the Balkan mountains, situated between the tributary State of Bulgaria and the Turkish province of Adrianople.

By the treaty of Berlin, signed July 13, 1878, Bulgaria, with two millions of inhabitants, was to enjoy its "autonomy" or independent government; and its appointed ruler, elected in April, 1879, by the Bulgarian Constituent Assembly, is Prince Alexander of Battenberg, brother to Prince Henry and Prince Louis of Battenberg, who are connected by marriage with the family of our Queen. We present the Portrait of this Prince, Alexander I. of Bulgaria, who is in the twenty-ninth year of his age, having been born on April 5, 1857; he lately visited England, with his father, Prince Alexander of Hesse, and with his mother, the Princess of Battenberg, to attend the wedding of our Princess Beatrice. His aunt was married to the late Emperor Alexander II. of Russia.

Eastern Roumelia, which has a population of 815,000, of whom 573,000 are Bulgarians, was divided from Bulgaria, apparently to their dissatisfaction, by the Treaty of Berlin, and was put "under the direct political and military authority of the Sultan, but with conditions of administrative independence." Prince Alexander Vagorides, called Aleko Pasha, was appointed Governor for five years, but has been succeeded by a Bulgarian named Gabriel Chrestovics, who is commonly known as Gavril Pasha. No Turkish soldiers have been kept in the province, which has a native militia. On Friday last week, the Minister of State, acting with the Bulgarian revolutionary party, suddenly came with soldiers to the residence of Gavril Pasha, at Philippopolis, and placed him under arrest. The overthrow of the Turkish rule was then proclaimed, with the union of Eastern Roumelia, or "South Bulgaria," to the existing Bulgarian Principality. This has been accepted by Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, who arrived at Philippopolis on Tuesday and was enthusiastically received. It is now to be seen what Turkey and the Powers of Europe will do.

## MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Daniel," an oratorio, by Dr. Joseph C. Bridge—Novello, Ewer, and Co. This work, composed by the organist of Chester Cathedral, was performed at the festival recently held there, as recorded by us. It is now issued in a handy and cheap edition, well suited for use in choral societies.

The new works recently performed at the Birmingham Festival have all been published, mostly in handy and inexpensive editions. M. Gounod's oratorio, "Mors et Vita"; Mr. Cowen's cantata, "Sleeping Beauty"; Mr. Anderton's cantata, "Yule-Tide"; Mr. Prout's Third Symphony; Mr. Mackenzie's Violin Concerto, and his vocal scena, "Invocation"; Antonin Dvorák's cantata, "The Spectre's Bride"; and Dr. Bridge's setting of Mr. Gladstone's Latin version of the hymn, "Rock of Ages," have all been brought out by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.; an inexpensive edition of Mr. C. V. Stanford's oratorio, "The Three Holy Children," having been issued by Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co. The merits and characteristics of all these works were commented on in our notices of the festival performances.

The two novelties produced at the Hereford Festival the week before last—Dr. J. Smith's cantata, "St. Kevin," and Mr. C. H. Lloyd's setting of "The Song of Balder"—have also been published at a cheap rate, the first by Messrs. Hutchings and Romer, the other by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. Of these we have also spoken; and of some of them fresh mention will soon have to be made in reference to their performance in London.

The Marchioness of Ripon on Monday distributed the prizes at the Girls Home, Ripon, of which the Dean is president. Lady Graham, Mrs. Boyd Carpenter, and a large company were present.

The London Society for the Extension of University Teaching has issued its prospectus of lectures and classes for the ensuing term. The society's work shows a considerable growth, and the number of centres is now close upon thirty, among the new ones being Hammersmith, Leytonstone, Kingston-on-Thames, and Poplar. The last-named was opened last week by the Marquis of Ripon.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

The best of us make mistakes sometimes, and it is to be feared that the "Japs," a so-called burlesque, is one of those errors of judgment that are as unaccountable as they are irreparable. Funny actors and funny actresses, too, for the matter of that, occasionally take advantage of their popularity, and imagine they have nothing to do but go on the stage and look at an audience in order to make them laugh. Carried away by the fascination of a sudden popularity, they conceive the play is nothing, and that they are everything without the play. It is a delusion and a snare. The clever people who amused us thoroughly in a harmless bit of nonsense called "The Babes" were suddenly made aware of this fact, when it turned out that an evening's applause was as hollow as the entertainment, and that the verdict on the new chapter of folly was scathing derision. No one can say that the judgment was undeserved. Mr. Lionel Brough, an admirable and funny comedian, had a catch word in the "Babes," which succeeded by force of its wild extravagance. Mr. Edouin was once an extremely funny representative of Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinese." Miss Alice Atherton hit the public as a short-frocked child in the last burlesque. But all that is over, put away, and done with. The jokes were not very deep, at the best; but they were played out, exhausted, and obsolete. The artists should have broken fresh ground, and not continued to exhaust the same enfeebled soil. The farmer changes his crops in regular rotation; the comic actor should do the same. Mr. Brough with a still weaker catch-word; Mr. Edouin as an inhabitant of Japan, instead of China; and Miss Alice Atherton as the same kind of artless child, only a little more grown-up, are not sufficient to sustain an unaided popularity. They can all do better things; they can put their talent to brighter use, and they were frankly told so by the same kind of audience that had applauded "The Babes" to the echo. The music-hall entertainment of the day is dreary and indifferent enough; the so-called music-hall artists are for the most part sorry drolls. The public evidently felt that it is better to get, if possible, a better class of music-hall fun for the entertainment of the essentially frivolous than adding water to the skimmed milk of modern wiggery. It is sometimes said that those who grow sad at the exhibition of talent wasted or misapplied, and at the exhibition on the stage of childish buffoonery, "have no sense of humour." In this case, it is interesting to know that an audience disposed to guffaw on the slightest provocation is as incapable of appreciating or understanding the latest joke as a whole colony of Scotchmen.

Melodrama has flourished away from the West-End this week. Mr. George Conquest, a dramatist of extended practical experience, has taken by the hand Miss Lily Tinsley, a promising young novelist, and together they have made a very fair and workman-like drama. It is called "Devil's Luck," and tells the story of a dissolute young soldier, who, having deserted from the Army and gone generally to the dogs, assumes the character and identity of a dead nobleman, whose name he bears and whose estates he covets. The mischief he does falls the heaviest on the young girl who has fallen in love with the sham nobleman's near relation, a youth, who is one of the weakest and most wretched specimens of the heroic quality in man. This unfortunate young woman, the grandchild of a superannuated blacksmith, is plunged in a sea of misery. She is deceived by her lover; she has to wander weary miles to prevent his rushing into what looks like a bigamous alliance; her infant child is stolen from her; and she only arrives at the ultimate possession of her unworthy husband after being accused of child-murder and exposed to all the convenient methods of torture possessed by melodramatic villains who are so familiar with the revolver and the chloroform-pad. The weight of the pathetic interest falls on Mr. George Conquest, who plays with great force the broken-down grandfather whose heart is broken at the loss and desertion of his loved child, and on Mrs. Bennett, a young actress of decided promise and power. The audiences at the Surrey have received "Devil's Luck" with every sign of satisfaction, and have cheered and encouraged the young authoress who has contributed to their amusement.

Strange to say, the same kind of motive runs through the new drama by Mr. James Willing, just produced at the Standard. The hero of "Judgment," as in the case in all modern dramas, is an arrant villain. Virtuous heroes have gone out of date. The scoundrels alone are allowed to enlist our sympathies. This time, an escaped convict from Portland, assisted by a treacherous warder, robs a corpse and changes places with a dead gentleman. The girl who is made to suffer is the supposed child of the convict, who, in order to obtain his ends and feather his nest, murders his accomplice, the warden, and accuses of the crime an innocent woman, who walks in her sleep. The trial of the somnambulist is the sensation scene of the play, and it is carried out at the Standard with marvellous realistic details, commencing with the arrival of the prison-van, which drives boldly on to the stage, and ending with a very unseemly discussion in the jury-room over the verdict. Every time-honoured institution is liable to ridicule and misrepresentation in these days. We are gravely told by the modern dramatist who affects to paint life as it is that when a wretched woman is on trial for murder, and it is an immediate question whether she shall be hanged or saved, that the jury elected to try her indulge in heartless jokes, play nap instead of discussing their verdict, and eventually "toss up" whether they will hang the woman or not! Foreigners must have a lively opinion of an Englishman's sense of justice when he paints himself in such revolting colours as these. Jurymen may occasionally be foolish and are proverbially obstinate, but it is surely gratuitously false to represent any body of Englishmen as conducting themselves with heartless levity at a most solemn moment, and violating their oaths in so discreditable and shameless a manner. The very realism of the trial adds to the indignity of this unworthy picture. If this be a joke to represent English jurymen as "tossing up" whether a woman is to be hung or saved, it is surely a very sorry jest. The modern dramatist is certainly not very proud of our national honour when he paints a citizen in such degrading colours as this.

C. S.

Mr. Chamberlain was presented last Saturday with the freedom of the Burgh of Inverness.

The vacancy in the Roman Catholic Archbishopric of St. Andrew's, Edinburgh, has been filled up by the appointment of the Rev. Dr. W. Smith, of the Pro-Cathedral, Edinburgh. The last Archbishop was Dr. Strain, who died in 1883.

In addition to the honours already bestowed upon officers for their services in the late Soudan campaign, it is intended to confer commissions upon several deserving non-commissioned officers who have been specially recommended for gallantry on the Nile and around Souakim.

The late Alderman Fisher, formerly Mayor of Sheffield, left the sum of £8000 available for founding a charity for the Unitarian body, of which he was a member, the bequest, however, not to be available until his wife's death. Mrs. Fisher has just died, and the bequest, therefore, comes into operation.

## MUSIC.

London music is now almost entirely sustained by the Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre. Last week's classical night included a remarkably fine performance of Beethoven's violin concerto by Mr. Carrodus; the programme having also comprised Mr. Prout's new symphony, composed for and produced at the Birmingham Festival last month, as recorded by us at the time. The work was again very favourably received on its first hearing in London last week. Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss A. Sherwin, and Mr. H. Kearton contributed effective vocal performances at the concert now referred to. A military night was given yesterday (Friday) week, as a "welcome home to the Guards"; the programme having been of an appropriately martial character. Saturday night's concert consisted of a mixed selection of classical and popular pieces, the vocalists having been Madame Edith Wynne, Madame Enriquez, and Mr. Maas. Mr. Carrodus's fine violin playing, in two brilliant solos, was again a special feature. This week's classical night included the first appearance at these concerts of Madame Valleria.

Renewed activity will soon be apparent in London music. The Crystal Palace concerts will be resumed on Oct. 17, the Monday Popular Concerts on Nov. 9, those of the Sacred Harmonic Society (under the conductorship of Mr. W. H. Cummings) on Nov. 20, and the Ballad Concerts on Nov. 25. On the 7th of that month a grand concert will be given by Mr. George Watts, at St. James's Hall, the programme of which includes the names of Madame Adelina Patti and other eminent artists. During the ensuing season some interesting "Oratorio Concerts" will be given by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co., at St. James's Hall. There will be a well-selected choir of about 250 voices, with a full and efficient orchestra, and eminent solo singers. Mr. Mackenzie will be the conductor. We have already drawn attention to the promised production of M. Gounod's oratorio, "Mors et Vita," at the Royal Albert Hall on Nov. 4 and St. James's Hall on Nov. 14; and to the orchestral concerts to be given by Messrs. Brinsmead and Sons in November and December. The earlier performance of "Mors et Vita" just referred to will be the opening of the fifteenth season of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Barnby. A series of three Richter concerts is to be given at St. James's Hall this autumn.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company has lately been performing with special success in Ireland and Manchester.

M. Gounod's new oratorio, "Mors et Vita" is to be produced in Paris during the ensuing winter, when the tenor solo music, so finely sung by Mr. E. Lloyd in the production of the work at Birmingham, will be again rendered by him.

## STEEL STRONG-ROOM FOR A BANK.

Messrs. Chubb and Son's Lock and Safe Company, Limited, in their factory at Glengall-road, Old Kent-road, have constructed for the National Bank of Scotland, Edinburgh, a very large chamber of steel, the design and workmanship of which merit general admiration, and presenting some new and important features, introduced for the first time, which ensure greater security than has been hitherto obtained. This room is constructed with a triple series of plates, as adopted for many years in Chubb's bankers' safes, giving both toughness and hardness, so that neither the force of blows nor the cutting of drills has any effect. This "compounding" of the plates involved the drilling of no less than 1000 holes in each section, each hole being closed up, and securing the different thicknesses in such a way that not the slightest weakness is caused; to effect this drilling, the machinery at Messrs. Chubb's works has been running night and day. When each compounded section is completed, they are jointed with one another in a novel and peculiar manner. To ensure absolute accuracy and the matching of all holes, every plate and bar was marked from a template, and then drilled with twist-drills under a powerful multiple machine. The strong-room is divided internally by heavy steel partitions into various compartments, these partitions containing cases of non-conducting composition, so that a fire happening in any one part would be isolated. The room is entered by three massive doors and grilles, measuring 7 ft. by 3 ft. 4 in. and 7 in. thick; these doors weigh about a ton and a half each, and are hung on hardened steel pins, on which they turn with the greatest ease. Apart from the immense thickness of compounded hard and mild steel plates in these doors, the chief feature is the use of Chubb's patent diagonal bolts, as fitted to some of the safes which have obtained the only gold medal awarded at the International Inventions Exhibition. The bolts, shooting out from the edge of the door at opposite angles of forty-five degrees, form a powerful dovetail into each side of the frame in which they engage; so that any attempted wedging between the door and its frame simply tends to bind the bolts tighter in their holes. Unlike more elaborate claws, clutches, and interlocking bars, these bolts are perfectly simple in shape; and so, whilst effecting a similar result, are much easier and more certain in their action, and do not involve excessively large bolt-holes in the door frame. The bolts in each door, twenty in number, weigh two hundred-weight; but, by careful balancing, can be thrown out or drawn in so easily that a child's hand is strong enough to work them when unlocked. Besides the points named, there are various secret methods and appliances, used in order to defeat all attempts of burglars to enter the room by any known or possible ways of attack.

In each vestibule of the three doors is a pair of folding grilles for use during the daytime when the doors may remain open: these are self-locking. The inner compartments of the room are fitted with steel treasuries, cupboards, and shelving for the use of officials. The whole measures 50 ft. in length, and weighs close upon 100 tons. When re-erected in its permanent position it will be incased in immense walls of concrete surrounded by a patrol passage, outside of which again comes the massive stone outer wall of the main building. To give an idea of the capacity of this steel strong-room, it may be mentioned that it would hold 1250 tons weight of gold bullion, equal in value to over £110,000,000 (one hundred and ten million pounds sterling). Its construction has been a work of seven months.

A total of 18,505 gs. was realised for the seventy lots sold at the Marden Deer Park Stud on Tuesday, the highest price being given for True Love, who was knocked down for 1350 gs. to Mr. Waring, who also gave 550 gs. for her foal by George Frederick.

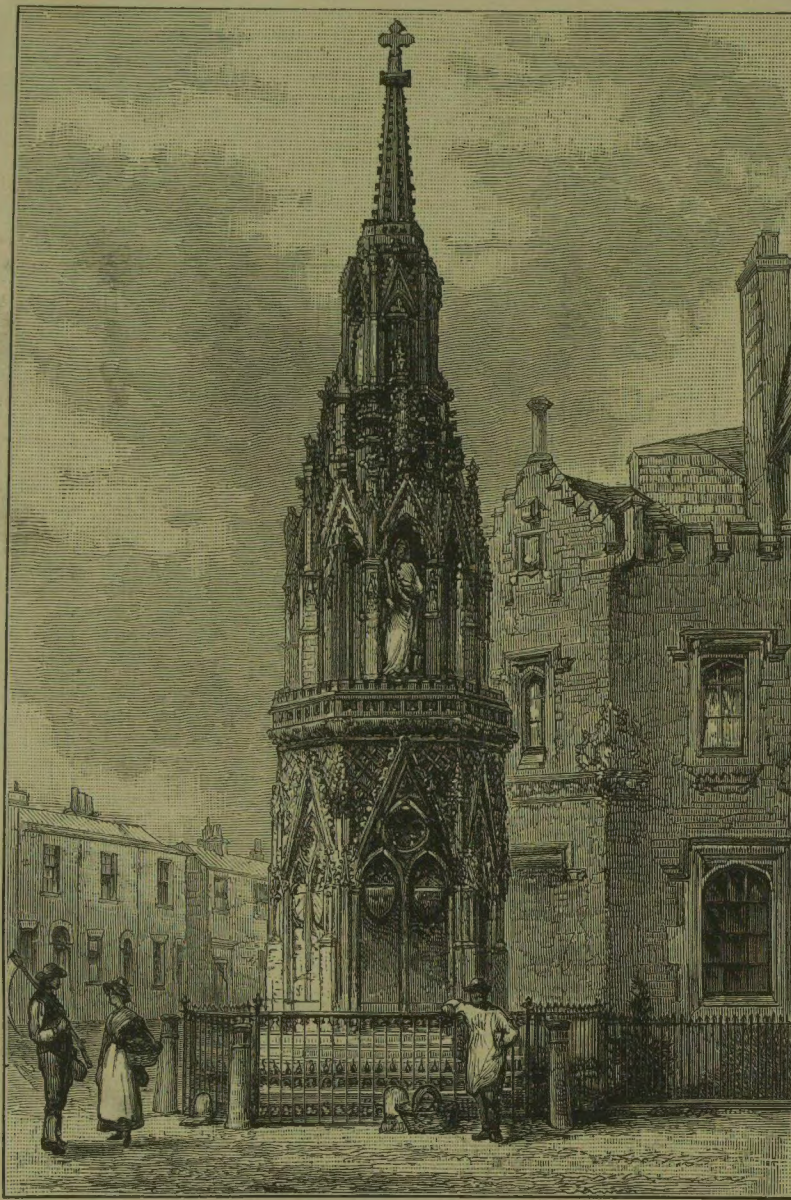
A Congress under the auspices of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain was commenced in Leicester on Tuesday. Professor De Chaumont, President of the Congress, gave the opening address, in which he traced the origin and progress of the Institute and its labours in promoting the health of the community. Of all the various societies and associations which hold their annual meetings during the Long Vacation, there are few that can show such good reason for their existence as this Institute. A health expedition was opened by the Mayor.



## THE ELEANOR CROSS AT WALTHAM.

A committee, of which Sir H. Bruce Meux, Bart., is president, and which includes the Bishop of St. Albans, the Lord Mayor of London, Lord Aberdare, Sir John Lubbock, Sir H. Selwin Ibbetson, Sir T. Fowell Buxton, and other influential persons, has undertaken the work of preserving this noble monument, and improving its situation by making a new roadway, on the south side, between it and the neighbouring houses. Mr. E. T. Doxat, of Wood-green Park, Cheshunt, is the treasurer of the fund; and Messrs. W. Hammond and J. Tydeman, of Waltham-cross, are the secretaries. We commend it to the support of all who feel an interest in local antiquities, and in the memorials of an interesting passage in the history of England. It is well known that on the death of Queen Eleanor, the beloved and lamented wife of King Edward I., towards the end of the year 1290, her body, which had been embalmed, was brought in a solemn procession from Harby, near Lincoln, where she died, by way of Newark-on-Trent, Grantham, Stamford, Northampton, Stony Stratford, Dunstable, St. Albans, Waltham Cross (in Hertfordshire), and so to London, resting for the last time at Charing-cross, to be interred in Westminster Abbey. Memorial crosses were erected by the King's order in every place where the body rested a night on this journey. One of these is the Waltham Cross, which was repaired in 1833 by Mr. W. G. Clarke, assisted by a committee of subscribers; but the three statues of the Queen have been left unrepaired. The architectural description is as follows:—

"This structure is hexagonal in form, and, independently of the plinth and basement steps, consists of three storeys, or compartments, decreasing progressively at each stage. Each storey is finished by an embattled frieze, or cornice, and at every angle is a graduated buttress, enriched with foliated crockets and finials. Within the panelled tracery of the lower storey, are shields boldly sculptured with the arms of England, Castile and Leon, and Pontien, apparently suspended from knots of foliage. There are two shields on each face of the octagon, the spaces over which display quatrefoil and trefoil mouldings bounded by acute pediments, crocketed, and surmounted by finials of leaves, which expand into and form the chief feature of the lower frieze; the adjoining spandrels are charged with rosettes, in small diamond-shaped panelling, bearing a close resemblance to the ornamental facings of the eastern interior walls of Westminster Abbey Church. The second storey is even yet more elegant, both from its rich

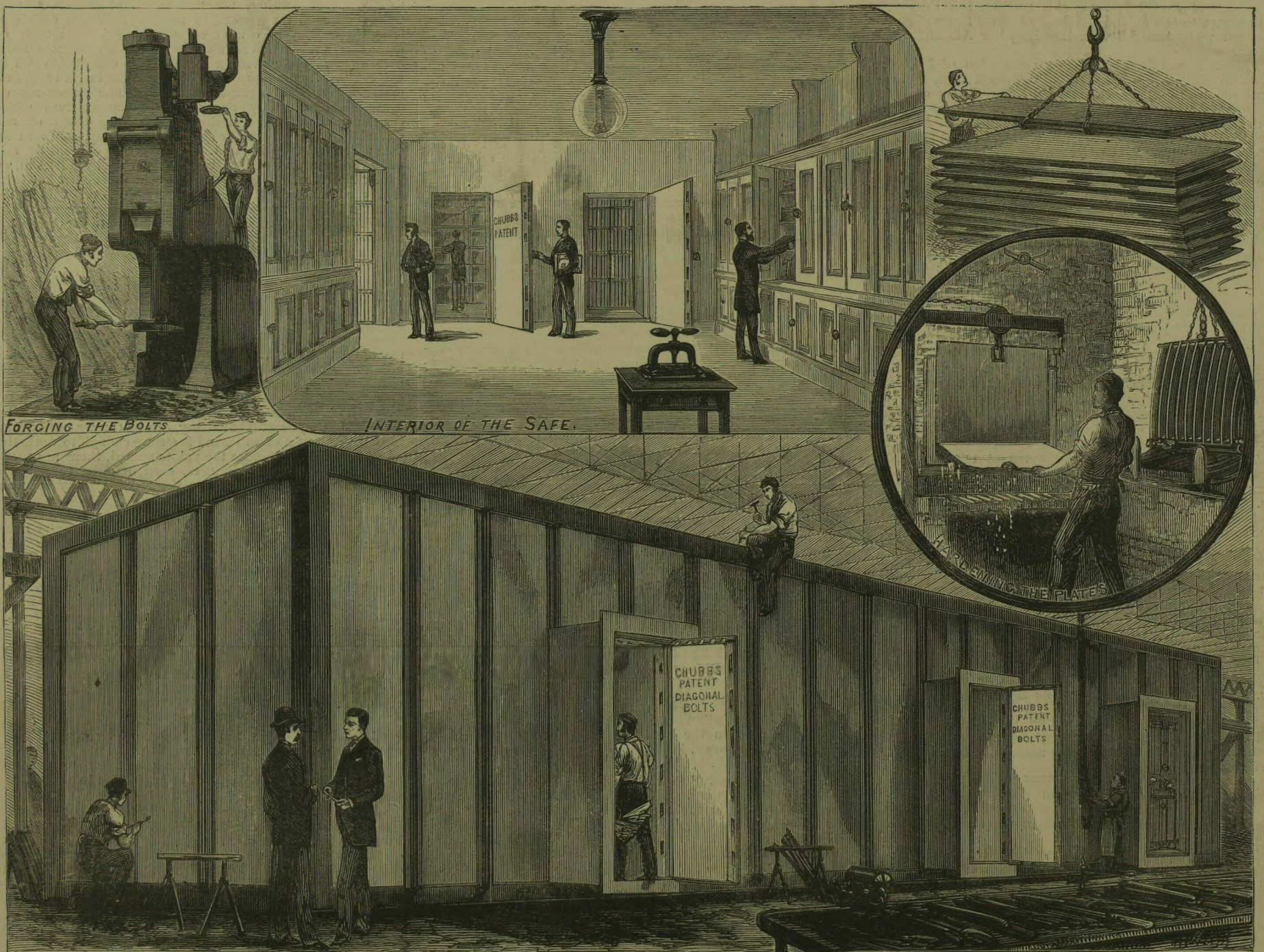


THE ELEANOR CROSS AT WALTHAM CROSS, HERTS.

pyramidal assemblage of open pointed arches and sculptured finials, and from the graceful statues of Queen Eleanor which enrich its open divisions. The panelled tracery and pediments of the upper storey are accordant with the other parts."

The encroachments made upon this beautiful monument by the erection of buildings around it have for many years been a grief to antiquaries and lovers of architecture. Many attempts were made to purchase the adjoining property in order to remedy this evil, but without effect, for unfortunately at one time the property was in Chancery; at others, it was not for sale. The present occupier was applied to about four years since, and offered to sell sufficient space for a roadway. Plans were made, but although the British Archaeological Association strongly recommended the object, no particular effort was made until May 27 last, when a meeting was convened, a committee was formed, and Sir H. Bruce Meux liberally purchased the premises of the Falcon Hotel, for the express purpose of giving sufficient land for the proposed new roadway. It is hoped that gentlemen will be forthcoming with subscriptions to make up the amount required for preserving intact the beautiful design of this fine specimen of mediæval art. The two upper stages had fallen into a sad state previous to 1833, when Mr. W. B. Clarke restored it. The greater part, however, of Mr. Clarke's work, through using too soft a stone, is crumbling to decay, so that but for the timely steps now being taken much of the design would have been completely lost, in some of the finest and most delicate work.

It has been the constant remark of antiquaries and architects that the present shaft holding the terminal cross is not according to the original design. This question has been cleared up by Mr. Tydeman, one of the secretaries, who has put himself in communication with the brother of the architect of 1833, Mr. Frederick Clarke, formerly a solicitor of Bedford-row, by whom many points of detail have been supplied. Mr. Clarke, in his correspondence, acknowledges that his brother had originally intended putting a plain shaft to the cross, as he knew it formerly was; but, not liking it, he substituted the present ornamental one. Mr. F. Clarke has kindly handed over to Mr. Tydeman his brother's architectural plan, about 8 ft. 6 in. in height; and the old broken cross from which the present terminal cross was designed and other interesting relics have come into Mr. Tydeman's hands. It is curious to note that Mr. Clarke's architectural plan is evidently his first and most correct idea; for on it the terminal of the third storey and the shaft are plain, corresponding with all the old engravings previous to his time.



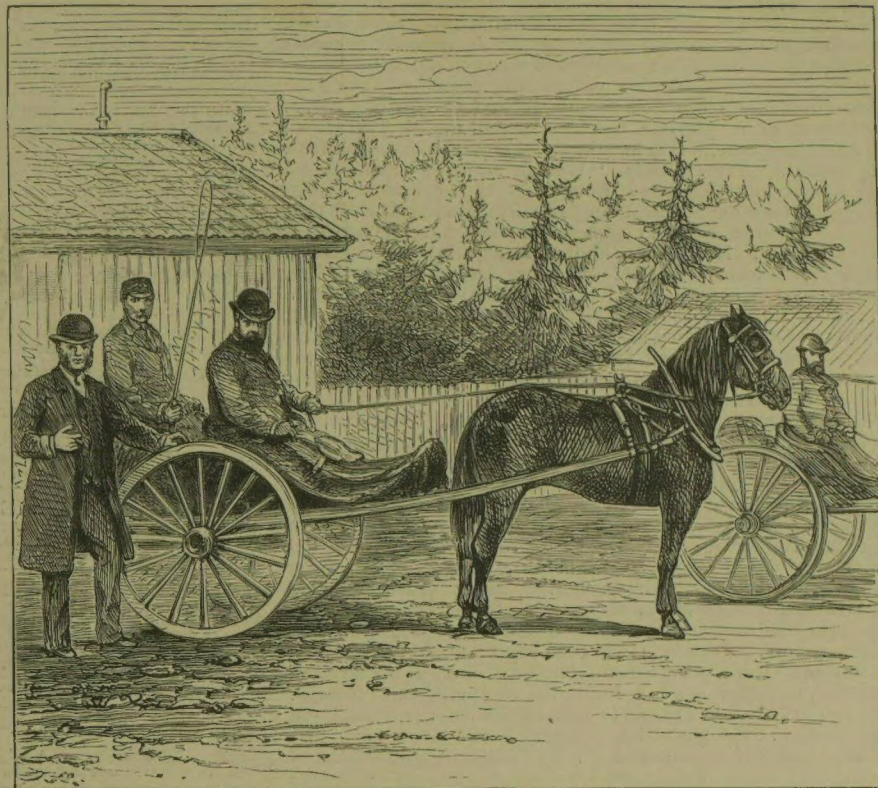
STEEL STRONG-ROOM, FOR THE NATIONAL BANK OF SCOTLAND, AT EDINBURGH, MANUFACTURED BY MESSRS. CHUBB AND SON.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN NORWAY.



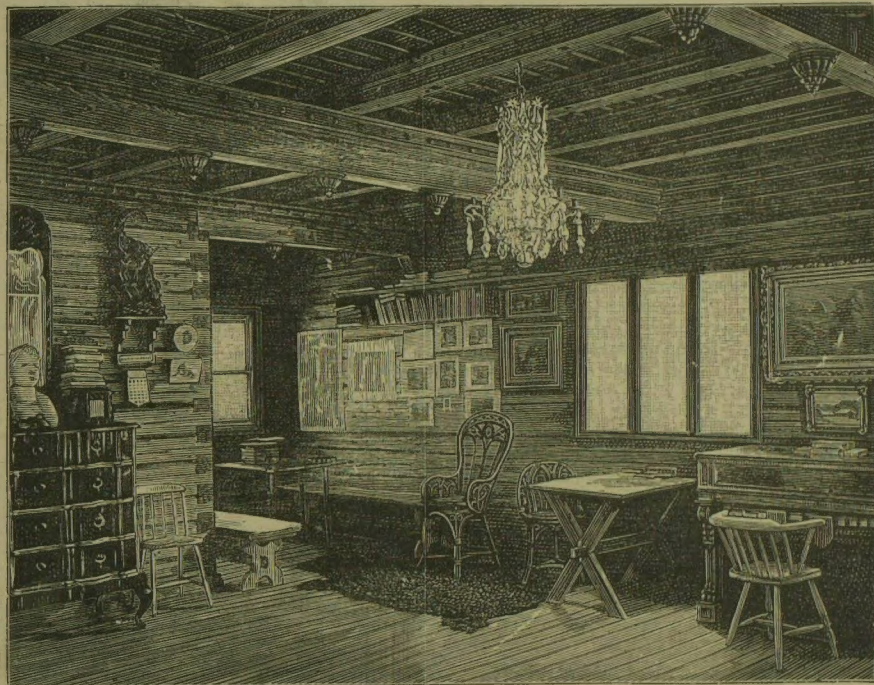
FROGNERSTØT, NEAR CHRISTIANIA, VISITED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.



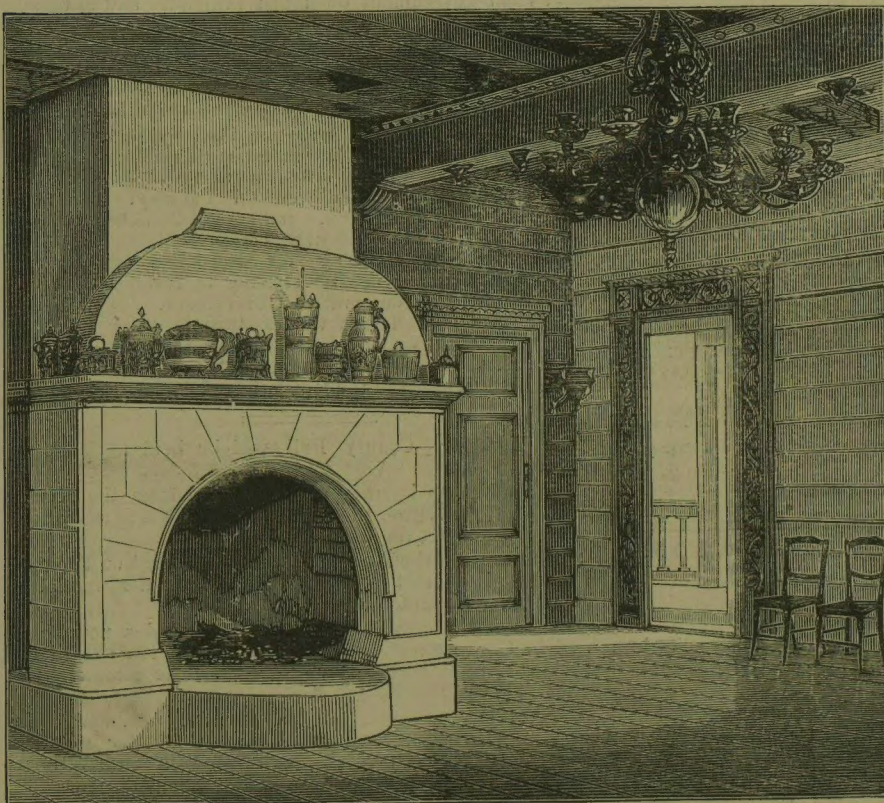
THE PRINCE OF WALES IN A CARIOLE, LEAVING FROGNERSTØT.



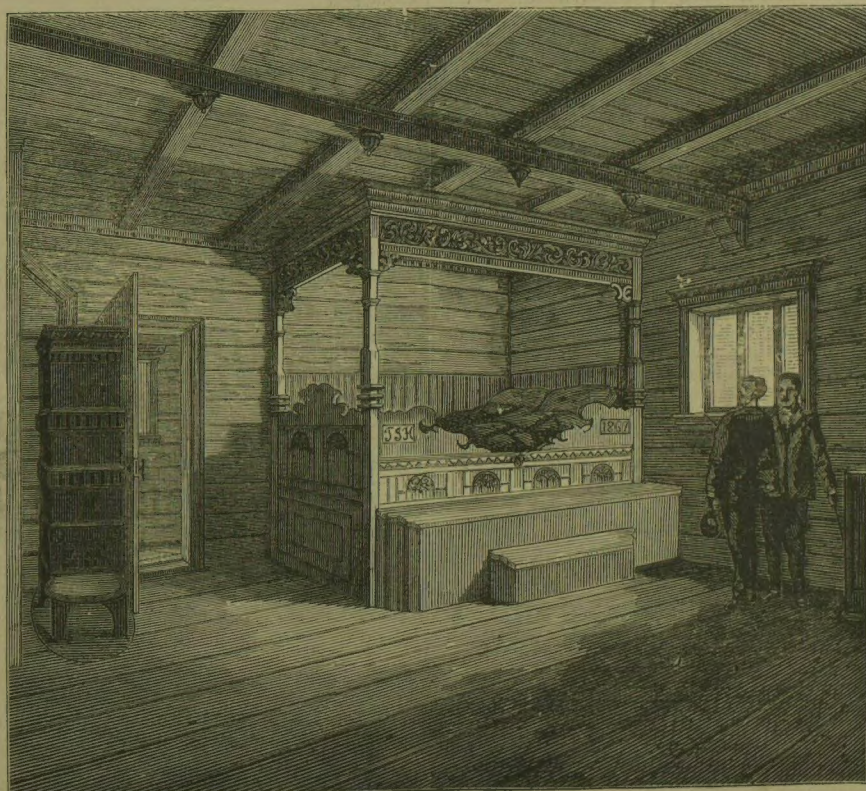
ON THE VERANDAH OF THE OLD HALLINGDAL HOUSE.



DRAWING-ROOM, FROGNERSTØT.



DINING-ROOM, FROGNERSTØT.



BED-ROOM, FROGNERSTØT.



## NEW DRAMAS IN LONDON.

### "HUMAN NATURE," AT DRURY-LANE.

The playgoing public has trooped in battalions to Drury-Lane Theatre to be stirred into enthusiasm by the vivid Soudan war scenes in the exciting new melodrama of "Human Nature," the joint work of Mr. Henry Pettitt and Mr. Augustus Harris, the enterprising Manager and Lessee. From a spectacular point of view, the admirable realisation of a zereba of British troops in the Soudan, the bustling and dashing storming of the Arab town by Captain Temple's volunteers, and the faithful representation of a popular welcome home to the Guards in Trafalgar-square, would have been the most attractive tableaux to depict. Historically, "Human Nature" contains no situations more effective than the two episodes chosen by our Artist for illustration. It will be remembered that in the opening act the plot of a designing adventuress (Cora Grey, Miss Emmeline Ormsby) is so successful that Captain Temple is led to believe his wife guilty of an intrigue with a false friend of his, Paul De Vigne. Captain Temple, wounded to the quick, quits England for Egypt, leaving to an unscrupulous lawyer named Hawker, a relative of his, the conduct of proceedings in the Divorce Court against Mrs. Temple. A decree nisi is obtained. Hawker strives to make this decree a lever by means of which he can spirit away the only son of Captain and Mrs. Temple, and, by bringing about the child's death, secure the reversion of £20,000. Little Frank Temple is, accordingly, carried off to a "baby-farm," from which the sorrowful mother rescues her child by the aid of a waif (very naturally impersonated by Miss Katie Barry). During the flight of Mrs. Temple with Frank, the poor lady arrives at a village where her little one is on the point of being recaptured by Hawker and the villainous "baby-farmer." Miss Isabel Bateman acts with great power in this scene. She is sketched at the moment when she sinks exhausted and full of despair by the village-cross. Happily, ere her son can be snatched from her, a humane Vicar and his wife intervene on behalf of the stricken mother, and offer her and Frank the shelter of the Vicarage. Meantime, Captain Temple is fighting his country's battles in the Soudan. He has valiantly captured the Arab town (defended, marvellous coincidence! by Paul De Vigne, a kind of wandering Olivier Pain); and is pursuing his lonely way across the Desert when he is in the nick of time to save De Vigne from the vengeance of a band of liberated Egyptians. First sorely tempted to shoot his enemy, Captain Temple spares the conscience-stricken fugitive, who confesses that there was no foundation for his suspicions against Mrs. Temple, who had been made the victim of Cora Grey's vile ruse. It is Captain Temple's intervention at this juncture between the infuriated Egyptians and the craven De Vigne that the Artist delineates. It remains to add that Mr. Henry Neville sustains with characteristic manly vigour the part of Captain Temple; and that Mr. J. G. Graham does justice to the uncongenial part of De Vigne.

### "HOODMAN BLIND," AT THE PRINCESS'S.

"What devil was't that thus hath cozened you at hoodman blind?" is the Shakespearian phrase from which Mr. Henry A. Jones and Mr. Wilson Barrett derived the title of the signally successful new drama at the Princess's Theatre, where full houses have followed "Hoodman Blind" with rapt attention since its production in the middle of August. Mr. Wilson Barrett merits marked commendation for having elevated melodrama into a fine art at the Princess's. As in Mr. George R. Sims's sterling play of "Lights o' London," the powerful human sympathy in which won for it worldwide popularity, so in the skilful drama of "Hoodman Blind," the characters are real studies from life, the scenes full of individuality. The hero of "Hoodman Blind," enacted by Mr. Wilson Barrett himself, virtually plays the principal part in a dramatic game of "Blindman's Buff." As the frank and honest English yeoman, Jack Yeulett, Mr. Barrett figures conspicuously in the group of sketches of the leading personages in "Hoodman Blind." We first make his acquaintance in the smiling village, where Jack and his bonnie wife are happy as the day is long till the lingo of this stirring history, the crafty Mark Lezzard, conceives a plan to provoke the jealousy of Jack and alienate him from the fair helpmate whom Lezzard would give his soul to win. There chance to stroll into the village a couple of tramps, one of whom is the very image of Nance Yeulett. Lezzard no sooner observes the startling likeness than he determines to cozen Jack into the belief that the light-haired girl he sees in a wood sweetheating with the vagabond gipsy is his wife! As one and the same actress appears as the two women (who are eventually discovered to be half-sisters), this case of mistaken identity is made to appear not so very improbable. Jack rushes madly at the gipsy (Mr. Charles Hudson); they struggle; and Jack is about to plunge a knife into the tramp's heart when Lezzard stays his hand. What follows? Jack's renunciation of the wife he believes to have dishonoured him, and his flight to London. In the great city, Jack Yeulett falls into poverty, but befriends a crippled young City Arab, who sleeps with his dog in a discarded barrel. A sort of wandering Good Samaritan, Jack next saves from drowning a woman who throws herself into the Thames from the Embankment; and fancies at first it is his wife he has rescued. But it proves to be Mrs. Yeulett's counterpart—her half-sister, Jess, he had been duped into mistaking for his wife by the scoundrel Lezzard. The poor girl dies; and Jack returns home to be reconciled to his Nance, and to wreak vengeance upon Mark Lezzard, who is proved to have been the murderer of Nance's father. Mr. Wilson Barrett throws himself heart and soul into the part of Jack Yeulett; and finds an equally earnest and impassioned partner in Miss Eastlake, who has never afforded so strong a proof of her versatility as she has in the dual characters of Nance and Jess. Mr. Willard's Mark Lezzard is similarly masterful. Mr. George Barrett moves the house to laughter by his natural humour; and Miss Maude Clitherow excites sympathy by her natural acting as the crippled waif, Tomtit.

## IN THE BAY OF BISCAY.

What sailors call "a snorter," a violent Atlantic gale, has overtaken the vessel running out of the British Channel, and she is beating hard to windward, nearly all sails furled, with engines working their full power, to get clear of the coast headlands in crossing the Bay of Biscay. Our Artist has represented the scene of anxious labour on deck, with a truthful rendering of its details which will be recognised by those acquainted with seamanship, showing the men engaged on the leeward side in securing the boats, with ropes, from being carried away by the sea which frequently dashes over the ship. The captain and mate, seated above, watch the performance of the steamer in her conflict with the waves, and look out for every shifting of the wind or change of weather, to see if it be expedient to make any alteration of her course. There is nothing else to be done but to persist in meeting the gale with steadfast endurance, perhaps for several days and nights. The passengers, if any, unless accustomed to such rough voyages, are more to be pitied than the sailors.

## BIRTH.

On the 17th inst., at Tiverton House, Mussoorie, India, N.W.P., the wife of Lieutenant Colonel Carpendale, Commandant 2nd Sind Horse, of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

On May 30, at St. Peter's C.E. Church, Campbelltown, N.S.W., by the Rev. Thomas V. Alkin, M.A., Edward Lindsay, third son of James D. Browne, Esq., of Mary Glen, Liverpool, N.S.W., to Gertrude Mary Napier (Gentle), the only surviving daughter of the late Edmund Hume Woodhouse, Esq., of Mount Gilead, and of Gertrude Clara, his wife, now of Marlesford, Campbelltown, grand-daughter of the late Henry Bingham, Esq., for fifteen years Commissioner of Crown Lands, Murrumbidgee District, N.S. Wales.

On the 15th inst., at the parish church, Leamington, by the Rev. W. Humphrey, Vicar of Wick, assisted by the Rev. James Davenport, Rector of Welford, and the Rev. F. W. Davenport, Vicar of Christ Church, Malvern, brothers of the bridegroom, Arthur Davenport, barrister-at-law, Gray's Inn, Her Majesty's Consul for Tien-Tsin and Peking, son of the late Rev. Charles Davenport, Rector of Welford, Gloucestershire, to Harriet Helena Mary, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Townsend Webb, Esq., of The Brownsend, Gloucestershire, and Tiddington, Warwickshire.

## DEATHS.

On July 27, 1885, at Lucknow, Upper India, Patrick Alexander Donald Carnegie, of the Middle Temple, the eldest son of Patrick Carnegie, C.I.E., aged 29 years.

On the 17th inst., at his residence, Oakwood, Farquhar-road, Upper Norwood, Mr. John Muirhead, in his 79th year.

•• The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.**—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE. Completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 33, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. Is.

**ANNO DOMINI, THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY,** and "The Chosen Five," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These celebrated Pictures, with other Works, are ON VIEW at the GALLERIES, 108, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, Is.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING, at Eight, will be enacted a New Play, by Henry A. Jones and Wilson Barrett, entitled HOODMAN BLIND. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, E. S. Willard, C. Cooper, E. Price, G. Walton, C. Hudson, C. Fulton, Evans, Beringe, Elcott, &c., and George Barrett, Miss Eastlake, Mr. L. B. Durham, Mr. Forbes Dawson, Mr. Gloster Armstrong, Mr. E. Otley, Mr. Basil West, Mr. A. Darwin, Mr. U. Winter, and Mr. Barrymore; Miss Lydia Foote, Miss Helen Forsyth, Miss Lingard. New Scenery by Messrs. Teibin, Walter Johnstone, and Perkins. Booking-Office open daily from Ten to Five. No fees. Doors open at 7.30. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe.

**LYCEUM THEATRE.**—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Henry Irving. EVERY EVENING, at Eight o'clock, "OLIVIA," by W. G. Wills. Dr. Primrose, Mr. Henry Irving; Olivia, Miss Ellen Terry. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten to Five, where seats can be looked in advance or by letter or telegram.

**THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.**—Lessees and Managers, Mr. E. RUSSELL and Mr. G. F. BASHFORD. THIS EVENING (SATURDAY) will be produced DARK DAYS, an Original Play, in Five Acts, by J. Conyns Carr and Hugh Conway. Mr. H. Beerboom-Treco, Mr. C. Sugden, Mr. E. Price, Mr. E. Otley, Mr. Basil West, Mr. A. Darwin, Mr. U. Winter, and Mr. Barrymore; Miss Lydia Foote, Miss Helen Forsyth, Miss Lingard. New Scenery by Messrs. Teibin, Walter Johnstone, and Perkins. Booking-Office open daily from Ten to Five. No fees.

**THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.** Lighted by Electricity. Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. EVERY EVENING, at Eight, Comedietta. Followed by, at Nine, the very successful Farceful Play, in Three Acts, by R. C. Carton and Cecil Raleigh, called THE GREAT PINK PEARL. For Cast, see daily papers. Doors open at Twenty Minutes to Eight; commence at Eight. Carriages at Eleven. Box-Office open Eleven till Five. Seats may be booked by letter, telegram, or telephone (3700). Business Manager and Treasurer, Mr. W. H. GRIFFITHS.

**NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate.** JUDGMENT, New Drama, by James Willing. EVERY EVENING. Miss Amy Steinberg and full Company. Sensational Trial. Newgate Yard, &c.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. THE COOLEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN LONDON. THE NEW AND DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT Of the world-famed

**MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS** ALL THROUGH THE SUMMER. EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT. And on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS at Three as well. Doors open at 2.30 and 7. Tickets and places at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, from 9.30 to 7. No fees of any description.

**BRIGHTON.**—Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Week-day. From Victoria 10 a.m., Fare 1s. 6d., including Pullman Car. Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m. Fare, 10s.

**HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND EASTBOURNE.**—Cheap Day Return Tickets issued daily (up to and including Wednesday, Sept. 30) by Fast Trains from London Bridge 10.10 a.m. Week-days, 9.30 a.m. Sundays. From Victoria 9.55 a.m. Week-days, 9.25 a.m. Sundays. From Kensington (Addison-road) 9.55 a.m. Week-days, 9.10 a.m. Sundays, calling at Clapham Junction. Fares, 15s., 11s. 6d., and 6s.

**PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.** VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. EXPRESS DAY SERVICE EVERY WEEK-DAY AS UNDER:—

Monday, Sept. 28	Dep. 8.10 a.m.	Dep. 8.20 a.m.	Arr. 6.40 p.m.
Tuesday, " 29	" 9.10 "	" 9.20 "	" 7.40 "
Wednesday, " 30	" 9.10 "	" 9.20 "	" 7.40 "

NIGHT SERVICE.—Leaving Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. every Week-day and Sunday.  
FARES.—London to Paris and back 1st Class, £2 17s. 6d., 2nd Class, £2 12s. 6d. Available for Return within One Month.  
Third Class Return Tickets (by the Night Service), 32s.  
The Normandy and Brittany, splendid fast Paddle-steamers, accomplish the Passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 3½ hours.  
A through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.  
The Trains between London and Newhaven, and also between Paris and Dieppe, are fitted with a communication between Passengers, Guard, and Driver, and are provided with the Westinghouse Automatic Continuous Brake.  
Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

**FOR FULL PARTICULARS,** see Time-Book, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or at any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Luggage-Circus Office.  
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

**GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.** THE SUMMER SERVICE OF FAST TRAINS is now running to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer. TOURIST FORTNIGHTLY, and FRIDAY or SATURDAY TO TUESDAY TICKETS are ISSUED by all Trains.  
A CHEAP DAY TRIP TO THE SEASIDE.—To CLACTON-ON-SEA, Walton-on-Naze, and Harwich, Daily, leaving LIVERPOOL-STREET at 9.10 a.m. on Sunday, 9.30 a.m. on Mondays, and 7.55 a.m. on other days.  
For full particulars see bills.  
London, September, 1885. WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager.

**DOVER AND OSTEND LINE.**—Accelerated Conveyance of the Travellers from London to Brn. (24 hours), to Cologne (15 hours), to Berlin (26 hours), to Vienna (38 hours), to Milan, via the St. Gothard (35 hours), and to every great city on the Continent; also to the East, via Brindisi (43 hours). Single and Return Through Tickets at very reduced fares (50 lb. of Luggage gratis). On board of the Mails, Beds against Sea-Sickness, Refreshments, Private Cabins, Stewards, &c.  
Two Services daily, in correspondence with the International Mail and Express Trains. Direct German Carriages and Sleeping-Cars.  
Agencies.—at London, 53, Gracechurch-street; at Dover, 3, Strand-street; at Ostend, 4, Brussels, 90, Montagne de la Cour; at Cologne, 12, Domhof; at Berlin, Vienna, Milan, &c.  
Daily Conveyance of Ordinary and Special Parcels.

**MONTE CARLO.—SUMMER SEASON.** The series of the Extraordinary Musical Entertainments having terminated with the Winter Season, the usual Concerts, directed by Mr. Romeo Accursi, will be continued daily until further notice.

**SEA-BATHING AT MONACO.** Villas and Private Houses and Apartments for every taste, and at every price. The beach, like that of Trouville, is covered with the softest sand, and at the Grand Hotel des Bains comfortable apartments, with board, for families, can be had at reasonable prices.

Mrs. Chatterton, a Cheshire lady, has given £1000 to funds connected with the Primitive Methodist Society, including £200 to the African Missionary Society.

The monkey-house and aviary at Aston Lower Grounds, near Birmingham, caught fire on Tuesday-afternoon, and before the flames could be extinguished many valuable birds were burned to death. The monkeys had a narrow escape, some of them being stupefied by smoke. Several lions have lately been added to the collection, but the local fire brigade prevented the spread of fire to their cages.

## PREPARING FOR THE GENERAL ELECTION.

The most important sentence in the Manifesto which Mr. Gladstone addressed (in the form of a penny pamphlet) to the electors of Midlothian on the Seventeenth of September is that which is quoted under Mr. John Tenniel's *Punch* cartoon this week. It is that in which the ex-Premier practically announces, in the following words, his willingness to continue for the present his leadership of the Liberal Party:—"I am too closely associated with the public proceedings of the last six Sessions to withdraw myself from the acquittal or condemnation which is about to be pronounced." Thus is the Fiery Cross sent round once more to bid Whigs, Liberals, and Radicals to do battle again under the command of Mr. Gladstone, whose appeal to the country is artistically and adroitly couched in the elastic phraseology likeliest to combine the different forces of the Opposition to Her Majesty's Government.

Lest the publication of Mr. Gladstone's long and elaborate manifesto should cause his supporters to fear Midlothian will be deprived of his eloquence in October, it may be stated that the right hon. gentleman is reported to have recovered his voice since his return to Hawarden Castle. Few are the points of the Gladstonian address, which is one of the most politic ever issued. Dealing first with "the Past," the pamphlet published by the National Press Agency broadly treats the foreign complications which the late Government had to face in the East, in Afghanistan, in India, in South Africa, and in Egypt as legacies left by the preceding Administration of Lord Beaconsfield; claims that each of these unwelcome legacies of tribulation was fairly and justly executed; but Mr. Gladstone has the candour to admit, in common with Lord Hartington, that "we" did commit "errors, and serious errors, too, with cost of treasure and precious lives in the Soudan." Then for "the Future!" In the first place Mr. Gladstone indulges in "an earnest aspiration for our entire withdrawal from Egyptian territory at the earliest moment which honour will permit." At the threshold of domestic affairs Mr. Gladstone places "Reform of Parliamentary Procedure," obviously rendered necessary, at first blush, by the mischievous success of organised obstruction to business in the late Parliament; but we fancy so firm a Speaker as Mr. Arthur Peel would easily maintain order, and suppress Parliamentary offenders, in the future. Reform of Local Government is placed next on the programme; and "Land Law Reform" comes next. Adopting Lord Hartington's moderate views, Mr. Gladstone says:—"My desire is both to maintain freedom of bequest and to establish freedom of possession as our future system; and also to deal freely with the transfer of land, the registration of land, the taxation of land during life and upon death, and the custom of primogeniture as it now exists in cases of intestacy." Then, classified among the "Rear-guard" of Liberal Measures, come "Reform of the House of Lords," "Dim and Distant" Disestablishment, Free Education (the taxation difficulties of which are enumerated), and the engrossing question of the good government of Ireland. In Ireland, Mr. Gladstone would be willing to cap the reforms already granted by an equitable system of local self-government. But then comes an emphatic warning for Mr. Parnell: "I believe history and posterity will consign to disgrace the name and memory of every man, be he who he may, and on whichever side of the Channel he may dwell, that, having the power to aid in an equitable settlement between Ireland and Great Britain, shall use that power not to aid, but to prevent or retard it." The success of this voluminous address was immediate. Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Goschen, addressing meetings towards the close of last week at Plymouth, Inverness, and St. Leonards, one and all praised the manifesto of their leader.

Whilst the Prime Minister may well have been preoccupied this week with the fresh surprise from the East—the sudden revolutionary movement in favour of the Prince of Bulgaria in Eastern Roumelia on the 18th inst.—the leading colleagues of the Marquis of Salisbury have not been slow to reply to Mr. Gladstone. It should be premised that on the 16th inst. Mr. Plunket, the eloquent First Commissioner of Works, speaking at the Gloucester Shirehall, delivered a "double-Gloster" full tilt at Mr. Chamberlain, whom he accused of having unjustly insinuated that the Conservative party was prepared to enter into an alliance with the Irish Separatist Party. To the same effect spoke Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in the able defence of the Government he offered to a large Conservative meeting at Cirencester, the following day. The Leader of the House of Commons made a spirited bid for public confidence on the grounds that the Government had, without expenditure of blood or treasure, secured an honourable settlement of the Egyptian and Afghan difficulties left them by the Gladstone Administration; and that, while it had always been the Conservative policy to reform local government on a just principle, and to remove abuses from the Established Church, the Ministry would make a firm and Constitutional stand against the proposed Disestablishment of the Church of England. It is noteworthy also that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach declared himself in favour of a modified system of peasant proprietorship in land.

Lord Idlesleigh, fresh from an invigorating sojourn at Balmoral, as Minister in attendance upon her Majesty, was stimulated to deliver quite a lively address or two to the Conservatives of Aberdeen on Tuesday. The noble Earl, with rare animation, compared Mr. Chamberlain to Jack Cade; and pungently complained of Mr. Gladstone's ingenious shuffling off the responsibility for various foreign difficulties by striving to throw the burden upon the previous Conservative Government. Lord Idlesleigh likewise argued that the existing Ministry would be quite as ready as the Opposition leaders to carry out every domestic reform requisite, including a change in the land laws on the lines laid down in the legislation of the late Earl Cairns.

The Yorkshire County Ball will be held at York on Oct. 14.

Captain Knapp Barrow, C.M.G., sailed from the Mersey last Saturday for Lagos. He is now going out to administer the Lagos Colony of the Gold Coast.

At a meeting of the Town Council of Edinburgh on Tuesday, it was agreed to erect in St. Giles's Cathedral a memorial to the late Dr. William Chambers.

Lord Monk Bretton yesterday week opened a new Board school in Circus-street, Brighton, erected on the site of the old schools, at a cost of nearly £9,000. The ceremony was attended by Mr. Marriott, M.P.

Early yesterday week, the Brenda (screw-steamer), from Bussorah to London, ran into the paddle-steamer Dolphin, from London to Havre, which shortly sank in seven fathoms of water. Most of the crew and passengers were saved.

The dead body of Mr. Cross's gorilla was received on Monday evening at the Zoological Society's Gardens. The animal was a female about three years old, and very dark and hairy. She died at Liverpool, on Monday, but the owner thought it desirable to send the remains to London for the society's museum.





A "SNORTER" IN THE BAY OF BISCAY.



## NEW BOOKS.

He who wrote that "there has rarely passed a life of which a faithful narrative would not be useful" said well, and the truth of his saying is confirmed by the *Life of Robert Fairfax of Steeton*: by Clements R. Markham, C.B., F.R.S. (Macmillan and Co.), which is a biography—compiled with much care, apparently, and certainly *con amore*—of a gallant naval officer, who belonged to a great historical family. He lived from 1666 to 1725, and became a Vice-Admiral, an Alderman, and a member of Parliament for York. He was not a Cloudesley Shovel, or a Nelson, or even a Lord Hawke (though the famous Admiral of that name and title was related to him on the mother's side), he was not one of those heroes whose career is familiar to every school-boy and whose name is continually on the lips of men; but he seems to have done his duty, and Nelson himself required no more. Moreover, he would probably have done still better service, had he not been the victim of a job, as he and his friends declared that he was; and this fact, if it be a fact, makes him an object of the greater interest, for the victim of a gross job, the man who had a nice big grievance to brood over for years, can scarcely fail to excite curiosity, not altogether unmixed with envy. With envy, because the man who has a grievance against the Government of his country has thereby a sort of hold, such as many ambitious persons would be glad to get and would regard in much the same light in which a detective regards the anxiously desired "clue" that shall lead to important results. Admiral Robert Fairfax, however, cannot be said to have worked his grievance to much profit, although the statement thereof was placed upon his monument by an affectionate but perhaps injudicious son. And the mention of this memorial monument calls to mind the misbehaviour of a spiteful catfish, the Rev. John Le Neve by style and title, who, under the pseudonym of Weaver, compiled a work called "Ancient Funeral Monuments," and took occasion, afforded thereby, to send Mr. Thomas Fairfax, the son aforesaid, a hypercritical and most offensive letter, objecting to both the English and the Latin of the monumental inscription, sneering at the virtues attributed to the deceased Admiral, and, of the excellent qualities claimed for him, admitting only the "simplicity," as to which, he says, sarcastically, "convenit inter omnes." And so he insolently refuses to give the inscription a place in his precious book; which refusal certainly did not hurt the dead Admiral, and perhaps amused the live son. But it is time to say, for the information of all whom it may concern, who Admiral Fairfax was, what he did, and what he suffered. The story shall be told briefly. Robert Fairfax was a grandson of that Sir William Fairfax, of Steeton and Newton Kyme, Yorkshire, who died gloriously (if civil war be ever glorious), with twelve or more wounds upon his body, at the relief of Montgomery Castle in September, 1644. That is who he was: a cadet of the house of the great Lord Fairfax, and he was born in 1665. What he did was as follows: he went to sea at fifteen years of age, learning his profession first of all, as was the fashion of his day, in the merchant service; he attended the funeral, in 1687, of the Duke of Buckingham, who was married to a cousin of his, and who did not die "in the worst inn's worst room," but "in the house of one of his tenants" (though, to be sure, that house may have been an inn, but, if it were, the fact would, no doubt, have been mentioned); he gave his sisters some excellent admonition touching the evils of gossip; he went fox-hunting with King James; he began his real naval career as a volunteer in 1688, on board Sir Roger Strickland's flag-ship; he served on all sorts of ships, under all kinds of commanders, and had certain relations with the famous Sir Cloudesley Shovel; he distinguished himself at the capture of Gibraltar in 1704, and was presented by Queen Anne with a silver cup; he was good as retired (or was retired) from the Navy in 1710; he then took to politics, made himself a home in Micklegate, York, stood for the city, and was elected its member of Parliament in 1713. What he suffered was this: he was elected an Alderman, and Lord Mayor of York in 1714 and 1715, but his particular grievance had occurred some time before, in 1708, when, by an apparently egregious piece of jobbery and injustice, his well-earned promotion was cancelled in favour of Lord Dursley. Into such a question, after such a lapse of time, it were a waste of paper and ink to enter; but it may be recommended to the attention of all who regret the good old times, and complain that the service is going to the—rhyme for evil. What the biographer claims for his hero and the lessons of his life, is that, though "there are many lives which are more full of stirring incident, more exciting to read about, more striking from the contemplation of vast genius and commanding ability," yet that "there are not many which convey more useful lessons to ordinary men." Now, according to the spirit of our age, which is all for the improvement of the ordinary run of humanity, such a book should be exactly what is wanted; no great brilliancy is there to dazzle, but there are solid parts to be studied and there is the employment of them to be imitated. Be it added that there are some useful and interesting appendices, and above all there is that blessed subvention—a copious index.

The same qualities which gained no small popularity for "John Bull and his Island" and for "John Bull's Daughters" will, no doubt, achieve a certain considerable acceptance for *Les Chers Voisins*: by Max O'Rell (Paris: Calmann Lévy), which is a very entertaining little work, but pretentious, shallow, superficial, untrustworthy. It is such a collection of critical, philosophical, and descriptive remarks as a clever usher, or a good example of Lord Macaulay's favourite fifth-form school-boy, might have put together in a series of themes. From beginning to end there is very little that is new, but there is a great deal that is not true. It is not true, for instance, that, as a rule, English school-boys are so educated as to be astonished to find that there have been great men who were not Englishmen—such as Columbus, Galileo, Luther, and a thousand other greater or lesser stars; and it is not true that in the history of our wars, whether the history be intended for the use of school-boys or of their seniors, nothing is said about Prince Eugène in connection with the campaigns of Marlborough, nothing about Blücher in connection with Waterloo, nothing about Bosquet in connection with Inkerman, and about Pélissier in connection with other events in the Crimea. Such histories as the author seems to have become acquainted with may be in existence, and may even be the class-books in the schools with which he has had to do; but it is quite certain that they are not the only histories within reach of boys in the better sort of schools. As for the prominence which is undoubtedly of right given to Marlborough, it should be perfectly justified, in the eyes of a Frenchman, by remembrance of the famous French song: "Malbrook s'en va t'en guerre." The author, however, admits that the English histories are no worse than the French in the matter of what may be called patriotic misrepresentation; had he not been a Frenchman he might, perhaps, have made an admission even more favourable to our historians. Upon what insignificant trifles he builds up some of his hollow theories may be inferred from the fact that a national determination among the French and English to differ as much as possible is revealed to him

by such differences as the following: the French speak of "the straits of Calais" (most naturally), the English of "the straits of Dover" (also most naturally); the French pawn at their "aunt's," the English at their "uncle's," &c. But then he does not appear to have considered that both nations have agreed to "chatter like a magpie." How can that have come to pass? It is true that the French magpie is sometimes, if not generally, "one-eyed"; but that is a mere addition. Besides, in the most contradictory spirit, having perhaps forgotten what he had said, he proceeds to show how, on the contrary, each nation borrows from the other words and phrases which there was no occasion whatever to borrow. This looks very much as if, so far from their wishing to be as different as possible, their inclination was rather to ape one another. Nor is the author general only, he is very particular and personal: it will do some hearts good to read how he falls foul of Mr. Gladstone, and insults poor Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, and denounces Mr. Parnell. And yet he is as Irish as his name, or as his French blood will allow him to be; and, with the true modesty to be expected of such a mixture, he attempts to prove, Irish bull-fashion, that the flower of Englishmen have been Irishmen. The process he adopts is familiar to school-boys: Burke (the "greatest English orator"), Sheridan (author of the "only" English "comedy"), Swift and Steele, Oliver Goldsmith, the Duke of Wellington, &c. The author would have us infer that French Generals scorn to make money by their profession, but that English Generals go to their duty with the ideas with which they might go to the Stock Exchange. He gives the instances of Marlborough and Wellington especially, and remarks that it is not in Westminster Abbey, but over the door of the Bank of England, that an inscription should be placed: "A grateful country to her great men." As if French heroes never took anything beyond the bare pay of their rank. How about the Marshals of Napoleon the First and Napoleon the Third? How about the "loot" of the "Summer Palace" in China? The French had at least their share. How about the "cardinals, archbishops, marshals, generals, literary men, men of science, &c.," who all, in 1870, received, as senators, £1200 a year from the master they left in the lurch? It is impossible to read without a smile what he says about French "risky" writings and French vice; it appears that there is a "je ne sais quoi" about both which saves them from the grossness of the English kind. And yet he seems to admit Zola among the realists whose "art" has the "je ne sais quoi": why, surely Parisian vice, depicted by the unspeakable Zola, is as gross as anything can be, his language is more hideously obscene than any known French dictionary can describe. But enough of this; for space is not "à discrétion." Suffice it to say that the author occasionally talks sense; sometimes does both us and his compatriots more than justice; and has written a very entertaining book with an excellent purpose. This purpose is to win English hearts for France, and French for England: and such is his moderation that he will be satisfied with a dozen of each. To effect his purpose he may not have chosen the best plan, but that is a matter of opinion: his plan, in the rough, is to abuse both nations roundly, expose each to the other, and say: "There! you see you are pot and kettle; love one another."

A pleasant little book to read and a helpful to keep near at hand is *Modern English Sports*: by Frederick Gale (Sampson Low and Co.), which is "dedicated by special permission" to Mr. Ruskin of all people in the world, and, moreover, has a sort of epistolary preface contributed by that ardent sportsman, who is not generally suspected of being a Nimrod in disguise, who objects strongly to horse-racing, who has not much to say for cricket, thinking that it ought to be so played that women and children should be able to stand near the wicket during the game (and, possibly, talk to the man at the wheel, that is, to the bowler or the batsman), and that it is better for young ladies to go and help the cook or housemaid than to disport themselves at lawn-tennis. Mr. Ruskin accepts the dedication with delight, but warns readers of the book against supposing that he agrees with the cheery writer "on all points." The agreement, one would think, is confined to very few. However, it appears that Mr. Ruskin and the author have, even in the matter of sport, one point in common—namely, joy in the "Lucas catch," which they have marvelled at together, at some time when that distinguished cricketer has surpassed himself; and Mr. Ruskin, moreover, wishes people who care about his own books to know that he can admire many things (though it may be safely affirmed that they do not include pigeon-shooting) which he "don't talk of." The author, who is no doubt very well and widely known by the name of "The Old Buffer," under which he has written much about cricket in the sporting papers, and whose speaking portrait adorns the frontispiece, is evidently a sportsman of the good old healthy, rollicking, robust, unsentimental, but at the same time humane sort, abhorring unnecessary cruelty, or, indeed, anything that they would consider cruelty; and good-humouredly pooh-poohing or explaining away whatever, being inseparable from sport, has a cruel appearance to the sentimental or to the uninitiated. The author's purpose is effected in eleven chapters, in which he discourses, with much gusto, and with some show of learning, about "ancient usages of sport," about cricket, rowing, football, and lacrosse, general athletics, racing and steeplechasing, hunting, shooting, fishing, lawn-tennis, tennis, racquets, and golf; and, in every case, though he is very brief, he writes to the point, and with the air of a master. Of course, in the small space he occupies, he has no room to "let out," so as to exhaust his subjects historically and critically; but he gives plenty of information, and utters some noteworthy opinions. He concludes with a chapter introduced apparently for the sake of letting it be known how long and great his experience has been, and how it has enabled him to confound and put to silence some pert young coxcombs of the present generation. If it be permissible to question any assertion of so competent an authority, a doubt may be expressed concerning the accuracy of a statement made at p. 41, where it is written:—"Amateurs first steered in the University races in 1839; previous to that time Parish and Moulton (*sic*) and Phelps were often coxswains." Now "often" it could not have been, as from 1829 to 1839 there were but three University races, and the coxswains in all three were members of the University; the author, no doubt, means his remark to apply to the two races rowed in 1837 and 1838 between Cambridge and the Leander Club, which was then supposed to be invincible.

To review at any length a story that appeared originally in our own columns is unnecessary, and it will suffice perhaps to announce the publication of *Maruja*, by Bret Harte (Chatto and Windus). This, however, we may add, for the benefit of readers not yet acquainted with the novel, that it breaks something like new ground in fiction. Spanish America and the America of the modern world that has its capital in New York are brought here into collision and into union. Maruja herself is drawn with subtle skill; but we cannot altogether understand the influence exercised over her even at the first interview by "the tramp," with his "sullen suspicious intelligence and look of half-sneering defiance." Love, however, has strange ways at all times, and when it takes possession of a woman like Maruja, accustomed to be courted by many

lovers, and with a heart that no one had hitherto subdued, it is probable that its course will be eccentric. We are sorry, however, for Captain Carroll, a much nicer fellow than Harry Guest, who, in the crowning moments of successful love-making, gazes upon Maruja with half-savage eyes for a moment, and with the "old look of savage resentment." However, even a summer day has its clouds; and one sees that Guest, whose course has been a bitter one, will gain "sweetness and light" from the passionate affection of Maruja.

## POETRY.

The spirit of the old Covenanters, so well described by Sir Walter Scott, but that spirit modified and cooled, with more of gentleness and less of fierceness, seems to breathe in certain portions of *Songs in the Night*: by M. W. F. (Thomas Bosworth); and the idea is further favoured by a liberal employment of the Scottish dialect, in which some of the "songs" are written throughout. And, whether it be the comparatively unusual "Doric" mode which exercises a sort of charm, or whether there be some other cause more intimately connected with the essence of poetry, there can be little doubt that these utterances expressed in the Scottish tongue are among the most impressive of the whole number, which is legion. It would be hardly too much to say that the volume contains a collection of psalms and hymns and spiritual songs; for although mundane subjects are admitted freely, the singer evidently sings for the most part under the influence of a peculiar religious creed and motive. What that creed and motive are is to be inferred from the preface, in which we read:—"The writer of the verses contained in this little volume, looks upon the period of time since evil first came upon man, till evil shall be put away by the Son of Man, as Night. . . . The 'Sun,' 'with healing in His wings,' has not yet arisen. . . . The writer, with many others, in this and all other Christian lands, believes that the Morning is near at hand." Whether from religious emotion, or for some other less powerful and less sufficient reason, the writer now and then makes wild work of the rhymes; we might, with our American brethren, admit "aisle" to rhyme with "soil" (p. 2), but "psalm" with "on" (same page) requires a reader to be a perfect Gallio in such matters, or at the least an adherent of Tate and Brady. And a similar remark applies to "hid" and "head" (p. 8), "son" and "sung" (same page), "began" and "men" (p. 9), "stop" and "hope" (p. 13), "Lord" and "heard," and so on *passim*. A great deal, no doubt, can be done by means of the Scottish pronunciation; but one wonders (p. 15) how even that powerful auxiliary can make "infant" rhyme with "power" and "bower," until it occurs to one that the word "hour" has slipped out and, like the baseless fabric of a dream or vision, has left "not a wrack behind." But, after all, rhyme is of little account when there are so many worthy sentiments, such a variety of metres, such a touching pathos here and there; such true lilt and vigour from time to time: it is more to the point to observe that such a line as "Until the train begins to get a smash-up" (p. 113) and some other lines in the same piece are certainly not poetical, and are more than a little out of place in a serious poem, however familiarly the theme be treated. But as the writer warns the critics (p. 127) that they may incur the Divine wrath, unless they "gently dip the pen in love," no more shall be said in what may be considered a tone of disparagement.

Not a little of the poetical spirit and the poetical manner is exhibited in *Burley Bells*: by Constance Mary Obbard (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), a pretty, pathetic tale in varied verse. Unfortunately, there is great inequality; some of the blank verse is noticeably good, some of the songs scarcely rise above doggerel. It is a tale of love and constancy, of hope, despair, recovery, and, if the somewhat mysterious communication of the "bells" have been properly understood, ultimate fruition of all but forfeited bliss. They are truly wonderful bells, those bells of Burley; the beautiful moral lessons they teach a selfish lover, the way in which they soften a stony heart, would do the utmost credit to a far less hard and brazen monitor. Miles loves Dorothy, Dorothy loves Miles; but Dorothy's father has more ambitious views for her, and coldly shows Miles to the door: Miles forsakes his father and mother (who do not appear to have done anything to offend him), runs away from home, remains in exile five years, returns to his old home, and hears that Dorothy is to be married incontinently to one Claud. Now, Miles had never so much as written to anybody for the five long years; what then can he expect? Yet he "goes on" as if he were the most frightfully injured of human beings; and, if it had not been for the "bells," there is no knowing to what depths of wretchedness he might have sunk. From the grateful manner, however, in which he addresses the "bells" at the end, there is good reason to believe that he obtained what he wanted but did not deserve. Such is the little tale, and it is very prettily sung, with many a melodious interlude.

Under the title of "Routledge's Pocket Library," Messrs. Routledge and Sons have commenced a series of cheap and daintily-printed volumes with *The Poetical Works of Bret Harte*. As a poet, as a humourist, and as an accomplished verseman, who can tell a story in rhyme as well as he knows how to tell one in prose, Mr. Bret Harte's name is, perhaps, as familiar in England as in the United States. His humour, like his pathos, is original, as every reader will testify who is familiar with "Plain Language from Truthful James," "In the Tunnel," "The Aged Stranger," and "Grandmother Tenterden." We do not care for the author's "Parodies"; but his poems "In Dialect" are racy of the soil, and there are a few serious pieces here that have the true touch of poetry. The publishers have done well to place Mr. Bret Harte's poems in the front of an undertaking which promises to give the public sound literature of a high type in a form eminently attractive.

Mr. George Augustus Sala continued his description of "Marvellous Melbourne" in the *Daily Telegraph* of Tuesday.

Mr. Knill has been elected Alderman for Bridge Ward, in the room of the late Sir Charles Whetham.

In London last week 2542 births and 1231 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 99 and the deaths 157 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

Miss Glyn (Mrs. E. S. Dallas) will continue her classes in reading, elocution, and speaking in song, hitherto held at the School of Dramatic Art, at her residence, No. 13, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, W., with the co-operation of eminent teachers.

On Tuesday the charter incorporating Lowestoft was received, and was read in public by the Town Clerk in the presence of a large gathering of the inhabitants. The public demonstration in honour of the event is postponed until after the election of a Mayor.

At a meeting of the Kilmarnock Town Council on Tuesday evening it was resolved to confer the freedom of the burgh on the Earl of Rosebery on the occasion of his unveiling the Early Reformers' Monument on Oct. 17, and to ask his Lordship to lay the foundation-stone of the Art Hall.



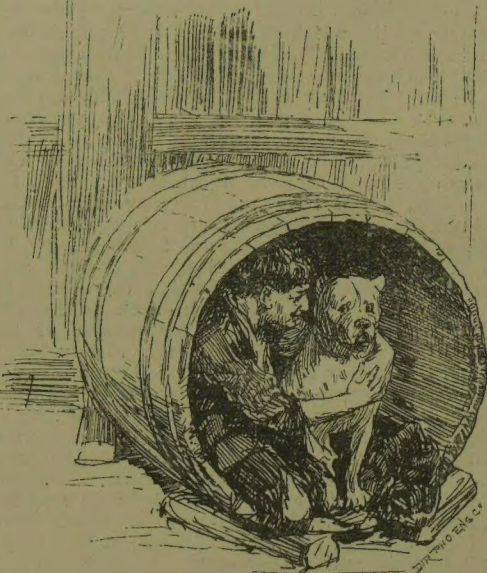
# HUMAN NATURE at Drury Lane.



Captain Temple (Mr. Henry Neville) saves Paul De Vigne in the Soudan.



## HOODMAN BLIND at the Princess's Theatre



Jack Yeulett (Mr. Wilson Barrett) at home.  
Mark Lezzard (Mr. Willard) as the safe man.

Jack Yeulett's fight with the gipsy.  
Nance Yeulett (Miss Eastlake) a match for Mark.

Jack Yeulett's jealous attack on his wife.  
Lodging of the City Arab and his dog.





TOURISTS DISTURBED: A VISIT FROM THE POLICE.  
DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.



## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Sept. 22.

Parisian sayings and doings are almost exclusively political at the present moment, and they are likely to continue so until after Oct. 18. The air is thick with political harangues and programmes. Even the partisans of cremation have issued an appeal to the electors begging them to require all candidates to insert in their professions of faith an article demanding that incineration shall be optional throughout France. Although the first ballot takes place on Oct. 4, the division among all parties is so great that it is doubtful if one half of the Chamber will be elected on that day. Out of the ninety departments, including Corsica and Algeria, there are only forty-three in which the Republicans have been able to agree on a single list. All the departments except the Seine have prepared their lists. In Paris there is great slowness in choosing the candidates, owing to the intrigues and jealousies which exist in all the groups. The art of compromise is a difficult one for a French politician. The Conservatives have started off with their list, and one or two of the Socialist bodies have named theirs; but neither the Opportunists nor the Radicals have yet succeeded in forming a ticket satisfactory to all their partisans. Some of the Radicals want to name M. Brisson and M. Allain-Targé, who will certainly be on the Opportunist list; but the Clémenceau men are striving hard to prevent these nominations. The Conservative ticket is a strong one, from an aggressive point of view, and for this reason it will be stoutly contested by the Republicans. It contains the names of all the Conservative Municipal Councillors, ten in number; and the other twenty-eight places are given to Bonapartists like Paul De Cassagnac, and Royalists like M. Edouard Hervé. M. Ranc has expressed the opinion that not one of the list will be elected, and that the highest number of votes the most popular name will receive will not exceed 45,000. The great struggle in Paris will be between the Republican Alliance list and the Radical ticket, led by M. Clémenceau. The Republican Alliance, or Progressists, is only another name for the Opportunists, who have not yet mustered up courage enough to issue an address, or to nominate a list of candidates.

The anniversary of the proclamation of the first Republic, Sept. 21, 1792, was celebrated last evening by a banquet, at which M. Floquet, President of the Chamber, delivered an important political address. The object of his speech was to bring about harmony among the various fractions of the Republican party. If certain divergencies separate the Friends of the reform Republic on the first ballot, it is necessary, he said, that a strong and powerful majority should be constituted on the second vote, which, with the assistance of the representatives of the country at large, will give to the Republic the Government that it needs. If some of the groups that are now quarrelling among themselves would only listen to these sage counsels!

The young Duke of Morny, who announced that he would run as an independent Conservative candidate in the Puy-de-Dôme has been dissuaded from so doing by his friends. He has just written a letter to say that he fears his candidature "might be the cause of lamentable divisions," and so he withdraws from the contest. He announces that he does not intend to give up political life, and that when the circumstances are more favourable he will solicit the suffrages of the electors of the Puy-de-Dôme. It is not improbable that the severe criticism of the Conservative press has had a good deal to do with the decision taken by the Duke of Morny.

The Luxembourg Museum is about to be closed, preparatory to its removal to its new quarters, which have been constructed in the orangery in the garden by the side of the palace. The Senate has for a long time wanted for its committee-rooms the galleries in the old palace of Marie De Medicis, and to facilitate the departure of its artistic neighbour, it offered to pay for the refitting of the orangery. The four hundred and odd paintings and pieces of sculpture are badly lodged in the Luxembourg Palace, the statuary being so crowded together that all the works cannot be well seen; while some of the rooms devoted to the pictures are so dark that the tableaux are almost invisible. Henceforth they will be well arranged in nine rooms, all on the ground floor, all high studded, and well lighted. Unfortunately, the space will be more limited than in the palace, and it will be necessary to reduce from five to three the number of pictures allowed to one artist. This will not be a great misfortune for some of the works now on exhibition; but when new purchases are made by the State the curator will have some difficulty in placing them. Unless a second new wing is added to the orangery, future acquisitions will have to wait until some of the present works are sent to the Louvre or to the provincial museums.

We all know what fun is made of the French huntsman, who oftener hits himself or his friends than the game. The French disciples of Izaak Walton have also been laughed at not a little for their want of success. Their patience, however, has never been denied. Throughout the season of the *pêche* the Seine is lined by anglers who often return home without a catch—unless it be at the market. To encourage some of these amateur fishermen, an original competition has just been tried here. Three prizes were offered to the three persons who should, in two hours, catch the greatest weight and number of fish. There were nearly three hundred competitors, and they were stretched along from the Ourcq Canal to the Bondy forest. Fifteen inspectors watched to see that no fish had been brought along in basket or pocket. The prize of honour was carried off by a gentleman who had pulled up two pounds. The third prize was gained by Mr. Bixton, who, we are told, is a "rich Englishman living at Raincy, who carries his passion for fishing to such a point that in winter he actually breaks the ice so as to enjoy his favourite sport."

It is understood that the Duc d'Annumale has promised to provide an income for his grand-niece, Princess Marie, daughter of the Duke of Chartres, upon her marriage with Prince Waldemar of Denmark. If reports be true, the young couple will have together only 80,000*fr.* income, hardly enough to keep up a princely state, for the Duke of Chartres has other children to provide for, and the King of Denmark has a numerous family.

The German residents offered a farewell banquet at the Grand Véfour a few evenings ago to Prince Hohenlohe, the Ambassador, who is soon to take charge of his new post of Governor of Alsace-Lorraine. In his speech the Prince said that during his stay here he had been able to fulfil his mission owing to the kindness and courtesy he had always received from the French nation.

A new comedy-vaudeville in three acts, "Cherchez la Femme," was successfully produced at the Vaudeville last evening. It is by the authors of "Baby," Messrs. Nafae and Hennequin.

A fine bronze statue of a slave in the attitude of striking has been unearthed in Rome in the course of excavating the foundations of a new bridge across the Tiber.

The King of the Netherlands, in opening the States General on Monday, said the relations of Holland with all

Foreign Powers were of the most friendly nature. His Majesty added that the financial state of the country rendered economies in the Administration necessary.—In the Second Chamber on Tuesday the Minister of Finance presented the Budget for the Dutch Indies for the next financial year. The receipts are estimated at 135,500,000 *fl.*, and the expenditure at 141,000,000 *fl.*, including 6,000,000 *fl.* for railways. There is thus a deficit of 4,500,000 *fl.*

The Emperor William arrived at Stuttgart on the 18th inst., and met with an enthusiastic reception. The sittings of the International Telegraph Conference concluded at Berlin on the 17th inst., when it was decided that the next Conference should be held in Paris in 1890, after which the new Convention was signed.

There has been a right Royal gathering in Denmark. The King of the Hellenes left Copenhagen on the 16th for Korsør. His Majesty was warmly cheered on his departure. The Queen of Denmark, the Empress of Russia, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Chartres, and the betrothed couple, Princess Marie of Orleans and Prince Waldemar, drove on the 18th to Helsingør, on a visit to Princess Augusta, sister of the Queen; returning to Fredensborg by special train. On the previous day the Prince of Wales visited the ruins of the Palace of Christiansborg, and made several purchases in the city. Last Saturday the Princess of Wales laid the foundation-stone of the new English Episcopal church at Copenhagen. The Prince of Wales, the Czar, and the King of Denmark were present. The King and Queen of Denmark and other members of the Royal family, with their guests, lunched on board the Royal yacht Osborne. In the evening the Royal party, including King Christian and the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Emperor and Empress of Russia, were present at a performance in the Royal Theatre. On Sunday morning the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters attended Divine service on board the Osborne. A dinner was subsequently given at the Castle of Fredensborg, at which all the Royal and Imperial personages now staying there were present, together with the members of the English Church Committee, the Chaplain of the British Legation, and the officers of the Royal yacht Osborne.—According to the Danish *National Gazette*, the marriage of Prince Waldemar and Princess Marie of Orleans will take place in France on Oct. 22.—The Rigsdag has been summoned to meet on Oct. 5.—A Reuter's telegram from Copenhagen says:—"The Prince of Wales left Fredensborg on Tuesday night for Humlebak on the Sound, where he embarked on board the Osborne. His Royal Highness proceeds via Hamburg to Vienna and Pesth."

The Emperor of Austria arrived at Vienna last Saturday. The King of Saxony arrived on Sunday morning and was received with great honours.—The two Houses of the Austrian Reichsrath assembled on Tuesday morning. A letter from Count Taaffe, the President of the Council, was read, announcing that the formal opening of the Reichsrath by the Emperor would take place on Saturday next at eleven in the morning. The Deputies afterwards took the oath.

The population of Eastern Roumelia has arisen, deposing the Government, seizing Aleko Pasha, the Governor-General, in his residence, and proclaiming the union of that country with Bulgaria. The revolution was of the most pacific character, no blood was shed and no person hurt. Prince Alexander has made his state entry into Philippopolis, having been greeted with enthusiasm along the entire route of his journey from Timova. Public prayers have been offered up for the success of the movement, and the religious chiefs have been exhorted to use their influence in tranquillising the Mohammedan population. Gabriel Pasha, the late Governor, has been sent to Sofia under escort.

Telegrams received at Cairo last Saturday from Souakim state that Osman Digna, at the head of 3000 Hadendowas, had a great battle with the friendlyes near Kassala, and was defeated with great loss. The messengers who brought the news to Souakim asserted that Osman Digna was killed.

Two Greek ladies, one of them the niece of the Archbishop of Verria, have been captured near that town by brigands, who demand a ransom of £3000. Hassam Pasha has gone to the spot in order to try to rescue the ladies.

The second race of the match between the Genesta and the Puritan was sailed on the 16th, and resulted in a victory for the American yacht, which thus won two out of the three races arranged. Out of ten yachts competing yesterday week for the Vice-Commodore's Cup, off New York, the Genesta proved the victor. The New York Press bestows warm praise upon Sir R. Sutton and the crew of the Genesta, which it is admitted, could have been beaten by no other American yacht than the Puritan.—The English cricketers now in America sustained their first defeat last Saturday, in a match played with an American Eleven at Philadelphia.—The elephant Jumbo was killed on the track of the Grand Trunk Railway, near St. Thomas, Ontario, last week. His keeper was leading him, with other elephants, along the track, when a goods-train came up behind unnoticed and ran them down. Jumbo was injured so severely that he died in about half an hour. The elephant Tom Thumb had his leg broken.

A Reuter's telegram, dated Cape Town, Sept. 21, says:—"Sir Charles Warren, after a triumphal progress through the colony, has arrived here, and has received a most enthusiastic welcome." Sir Charles Warren took passage to England by the Union Steam-Ship Company's Royal mail-steamer Spartan, leaving Cape Town on Thursday, the departure of the vessel having been delayed one day, by order of the Colonial Postmaster-General.

Some time ago we had occasion to direct attention to the backward state of educational matters in British Burmah. We now find from news which reached us by the last mail that this will no longer be a matter of complaint, the Educational Syndicate of Rangoon having provided a splendid library of the best authors in general literature and most approved works in law, medicine, and the sciences. This is not all. The Judicial Commissioner, Mr. Jardine, has capped the gift by another of equal value—upwards of one thousand volumes which he collected while in England; and this is to form a lending library on the pattern of the large provincial towns of England, so that the reproach often levelled against Burmah of being indifferent to education is in the course of being wiped away.

The Mansion House Committee have sent a further sum of £700 to the Committee at Madrid for the relief of the sufferers from cholera, and £100 to the Governor of Gibraltar.

Thursday week was the last day of the meeting of the British Association of 1885 in Aberdeen. As usual, the members joined in a number of excursions. A large party went to Braemar and Ballater, and the Earl of Aberdeen entertained a numerous company at Haddo House; whilst about two hundred went by special train to Elgin, at the invitation of Lord Provost Black and the Corporation, the Earl of Fife, Lord Lieutenant of the county, and the directors of the Morayshire Literary and Scientific Association. There were other excursions, and the whole of them seem to have been successful.

## CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Sept. 23.

The Money Market has relapsed into a slightly weaker condition; but it is thought that this easier tendency cannot last long, for, irrespective of foreign demands, the first week of October will find the reserve of the Bank of England greatly diminished, owing to the dividend payments and the internal requirements of the period. The withdrawal of coin for Ireland has apparently ceased, and gold has not yet been taken for New York; but occasional withdrawals for Egypt and other recently-borrowing countries are experienced. The consequences of the revolution in Eastern Roumelia must also be taken into consideration. In the Stock Exchange the effect upon prices has naturally been serious. Even Home Government securities and British railway stocks have given way, while the fall in the market value of international securities has been considerable. Turkish bonds have especially suffered, and the issues comprising Group I., which are the first to fall under the action of the Sinking Fund, have receded as much as 9 per cent. American railways, which are of course outside European complications, have risen considerably, while Canadian issues have been fairly steady. In Mexican railway stocks, however, there has been a further serious decline, the fall in the value of the dollar assisting the downward movement.

The silver coinage question is once more to the front, and this time it seems as if some settlement might be reached. Though in the States the majority of the Legislature decided that silver should continue to be coined, the people will not use it in anything like adequate proportions, so that the accumulation of it in the hands of the Government is of inconveniently large bulk, and on a scale financially perilous. The principal banks have had to come to the help of the Government in the matter of gold, and the experience of both Government and people seems to make the present time suitable for permanently solving this question. In Europe the Latin Union is also ripe for a new policy. Our interest in the subject is, happily, of secondary importance. In India the silver rupee is the standard currency, and already the real value is 25 per cent under the currency value. But, excepting the case of India, we are only interested as international traders in the demonetisation of silver and the universal adoption of a gold standard. It is not much that we as a nation can do to bring this about, however, though we shall watch the course of the subject with not the less interest.

The International Telegraph Conference, just concluded at Berlin, has effected some useful changes in the way of simplifying the complicated telegraph rates of Europe at present in use, and at the same time the tariffs have in many cases been reduced. This is particularly so in connection with telegrams to Australia. A reduction in press messages from 6*s.* 5*d.* to 2*s.* 8*d.* per word is to take effect at the beginning of next year, while negotiations are in progress for having ordinary cable messages between England and Australia lowered from 10*s.* 9*d.* to 8*s.* 9*d.* per word, but in this case some difficulty has been raised on account of the Indian Government refusing to reduce the charges over the land lines from Bombay to Madras. It is scarcely probable, however, that this obstacle will prove insurmountable. The company principally concerned in the above is the Eastern Extension, but the Eastern and Indo-European Companies are interested to a large extent, and in the shares of all three a decline in market value has taken place. But may it not be assumed that, with telegraph rates with Australia on a little less prohibitory scale than hitherto, the increase in the number of messages will quite compensate for reduced rates?

No dividend is to be paid by the Bank of Africa, Limited, for the first six months of the current year. Business in South Africa is stated to have improved very little; but a saving of £3000 has been made in working expenses; and the credit balance of £1340 brought forward from the previous account has been increased to £3337. The National Bank of India, Limited, will pay 5 per cent per annum, or the same as for the corresponding period; and the amount to be carried forward is practically similar, being £14,502 against £14,559. The addition to the reserve fund is £10,000, making it £50,000.

With the North British Company's announcement, the last of the leading Scotch railway dividends has been made public. The Caledonian rate is 4 per cent per annum, against 4½; the Glasgow and South-Western 4, against 4½; and the North British 2, against 3½. The Edinburgh and Glasgow stock of the North British Company which received ½ per cent per annum for the six months to July last year, will for the past half-year get nil.

A dividend of 15*s.* per share, making 20 per cent for the year, is declared by the London Assurance Corporation. This is the same rate as for the previous year, but compares with 24 per cent per annum for several previous years.

For the fifth consecutive half-year the East London Waterworks Company announce a dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent per annum.

T. S.

## TOURISTS DISTURBED BY POLICE.

Some of our countrymen innocently travelling on the Continent in the holiday season have been put to inconvenience by the rigid and often stupid pertinacity of foreign police, who seem to take a malicious pleasure in straining official regulations to the prejudice of personal liberty. It is not so much in France as in Germany and Austria, that the roving Englishman is likely to suffer annoyance of this kind. The ridiculous as well as vexatious blunder which was lately committed at Frankfort, in the arrest of a family party one of whom had seemed, though a man of different age, to resemble in face the photograph of a supposed criminal, is in the remembrance of readers of the *Times*. An ordinary German police official, except in the capital cities, may be ignorant of French and English, and incapable of discerning the probabilities of conduct or the characters of strangers belonging to another social rank and to another nation. On the other hand, without insisting upon the advantage of understanding German as well as French, it may be suggested that the air of careless and contemptuous defiance, sometimes affected by young English gentlemen on "the grand tour," is imprudent, mean-spirited and rather "bad style." It is, of course, only to the mind of a German Dogberry, an extremely stupid and conceited Jack-in-Office, that this undue license of mere manner can seem presumptive evidence of treasonable intentions. Still, in visiting a country which is not our own, we should conform to the habits of its people, who are accustomed, from the noble to the peasant, to treat the agents of Government authority with deferential respect. The scene cleverly delineated by our Artist, where three of our tourist countrymen, one of whom is certainly a lawyer of the Inner Temple, are disturbed, when they have sat down to a roast chicken, by the intrusion of the "Polizei," will amuse our readers, and perhaps may remind somebody, here or there, of a similar adventure in past seasons.

A notice has been issued to the effect that Sandringham grounds will at the end of the present month be closed to the public for the season.



## THE CHURCH.

The Bishop of Gibraltar is about to marry Miss Alice Baker, daughter of the late Sir George Baker.

The Bishop of Manchester was sufficiently recovered from his recent indisposition to hold an ordination at the Cathedral at Manchester on Sunday.

The Dean of Ripon has contributed £100 and Lady Mary Vyner £200 to the Wakefield Bishopric Fund, which now amounts to £62,450.

The Rev. Dr. Woodford, the Bishop of Ely, held his annual visitation at Cambridge on Tuesday, in the Church of St. Mary the Great.

The Dean and Chapter of Canterbury have arranged for evening services in the Cathedral every Sunday during the autumn and winter.

The formal election of the Rev. Canon Wordsworth as Bishop of Salisbury, in succession to the late Dr. Moberley, took place in the Chapter House of that city on Saturday. The consecration will take place in Westminster Abbey on Oct. 28.

On Monday the Countess of Ellesmere laid the foundation-stone of a new church at Mosley-common, in the parish of Tydesley, on a site given by the trustees of the late Duke of Bridgewater, who have given £500.

The foundation-stone of the church for the large congregation collected by the Marlborough College Mission, in a populous and newly-built artisan neighbourhood at Tottenham, is to be laid by the Duchess of Albany next Easter.

The Bishop of Worcester last Saturday reopened the Church of St. George, Edgbaston, where a lecture called "the temperance eagle, erected to the glory of God, and a thank-offering for the progress of the temperance movement," is a special feature.

The Bishop of Peterborough opened a new church at Leicester on the 17th inst., in the presence of a large congregation, including eighty clergymen. The erection of the church cost £9000. It is the gift of Miss Barlow, of Leicester, in memory of John Clay Barlow, her brother.

Christ Church, Seaham Harbour, contains some fine stained-glass windows—the last addition being one recently put in by the Vicar, agents, and workmen, to the memory of the late Marquis of Londonderry, whose death occurred so unexpectedly last year. It is a three-light window, and was drawn and executed by Mr. W. Montgomery, of the city of Newcastle.—Lucinda, Lady Jodrell, has presented to the parish church of Recpham, in Norfolk, four richly-painted windows, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, in memory of her husband, Sir Edward Kepps Jodrell, who was himself a liberal donor to the church during his lifetime.—On St. Matthew's Day, a new reredos, erected by Mrs. Spencer Meade in memory of her husband, was unveiled at St. Matthias', Ilsham, Torquay. It is composed of the purest alabaster, and was designed by Mr. J. L. Pearson.

## METROPOLITAN RIFLE MEETINGS.

The last competition of the year for the Champion Badges of the City of London Rifle Association, composed exclusively of Volunteers belonging to the City, was held last Saturday at the City Rifle-Ranges, Rainham, when about seventy men fired. The possession of the championship was dependent upon three shots at 200, 500, and 600 yards with the Martini on three different days, the previous contests having been fired on May 23, and July 11. The best score of the day was made by Corporal Bennett, of the 3rd London, and this, added to his previous records, made him the winner of the Gold Badge of the Association.

The badge of the A Company of the 2nd London Rifles was also fired for at Rainham last Saturday, and was won by Private White, 91, drill points being added. The same system of adding drill points was pursued with the remainder of the prizes, the principal winners being Colour-Sergeant Manlay, Lance-Corporal Cox, Lance-Corporal Elgar, and Captain Hummel.

The annual shooting prize meeting of the London Brigade of the Royal Naval Volunteer Artillery was held last Saturday at the Child's-hill Rifle-Range. The two principal competitions were the Open Prizes, and the Prize for Battery Eights. In the Open Prizes Sub-Lieutenant Woodd, 5th Battery, took the first prize, after tying with Gunner Ellis, 5th Battery, the third place being taken by Gunner Strangman. In the Battery Eights competition the independent firing was rather exciting, the team of No 4 only leading that of No. 5 by one point, but at 400 yards in the three volleys the former put on 162 points, as against the 88 of their antagonists, thus winning the prize by a majority of 15 points.

The final contest for the Gold Badge of the Middlesex Rifle Association took place on the 18th inst. at the Park Range, Tottenham, when the badge was won by Lieutenant Jones, an officer in Shoolbred's company of the Queen's Westminster.

On Tuesday afternoon a rifle-match was fired between teams of eight a side from the Rifle Associations of Somerset House, the Bank of England, and the Courts of Justice; the squads meeting on the range of the Civil Service Rifles at Wimbledon. The best score recorded was the 91 made by Mr. Morris for the team that made the second best total; the match being won by Somerset House with 619 points, against 607 made by the Courts of Justice, and 588 by the Bank of England.

In our issue last week it was stated that the Midland Rifle Club beat the North London Rifle Club in the recent match; whereas the North London Rifle Club won by a majority of 57 points.—General Lord Wolseley, the president of the latter club, has kindly consented to preside at its annual dinner on Thursday, Dec. 10 next.

The Inventions Exhibition will remain open till the evening of the Prince of Wales's birthday, Nov. 9.

Mr. G. A. Fuller has been appointed Post-Office Surveyor for the North Midland District of England, in the place of Mr. Cresswell, who has become Post-Office Secretary in Ireland.

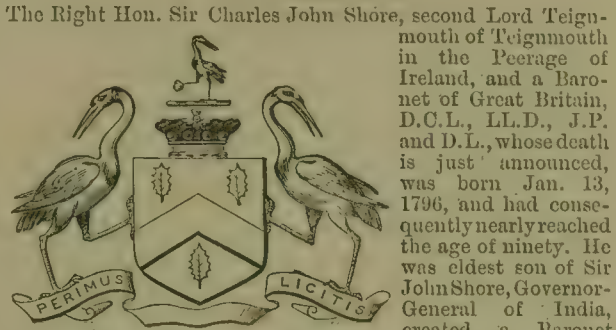
At a recent meeting of the Court of Common Council the Court voted £210 to the fund now being raised at the Mansion House for the relief of the sufferers by the cholera in Spain.—A report brought in by the Committee on Municipal Reform, which recommended the policy of several municipalities for the government of the metropolis, was adopted.

Viscount Cranbrook on Saturday last opened a public park at Low Moor, near Bradford, which is named Harold Park, in memory of the late Mr. Harold Gathorne Hardy, who had subscribed £1000 towards the purchasing of this fine recreation-ground. Lady Cranbrook unveiled a drinking-fountain in the park, erected by the public in memory of Mr. Hardy.

At the monthly meeting of the National Thrift Society, held yesterday week at Stanhope House, Lancaster-gate, the secretary announced that Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., the president, had contributed £100 towards the fund being raised for the development of the work throughout the country, and has also promised an annual subscription of £50.

## OBITUARY.

## LORD TEIGNMOUTH.



The Right Hon. Sir Charles John Shore, second Lord Teignmouth of Teignmouth in the Peerage of Ireland, and a Baronet of Great Britain, D.C.L., LL.D., J.P. and D.L., whose death is just announced, was born Jan. 13, 1796, and had consequently nearly reached the age of ninety. He was eldest son of Sir John Shore, Governor-General of India, created a Baronet in 1722, and a Peer of Ireland in 1797; and received his education at Trinity College, Cambridge. From 1838 to 1841 he sat in the House of Commons as Conservative member for Marylebone. He succeeded his father in 1831, and married, in 1838, Caroline, third daughter of Mr. William Browne, of Tallantire Hall, Cumberland, by whom he leaves three sons and as many daughters. Of the former, the eldest, Charles John, born Jan. 5, 1840, is now third Lord Teignmouth. He married, Sept. 2, 1880, Alice Frances, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Frederick Digge, Vicar of Stamfordham.

## SIR JAMES HUDSON.

Sir James Hudson, G.C.B., died at Strasburg, on the 20th inst., in his seventy-sixth year. He was the son of Mr. Harrington Hudson, of Bessingby Hall, near Bridlington, and his mother was a daughter of the first Marquis Townshend. He filled various positions at Court until the death of William IV., to whom he acted as Assistant Private Secretary during the whole of his reign. From this time he devoted himself to a diplomatic career. He served as Secretary of Legation successively at Washington 1838, the Hague 1843, and Rio de Janeiro 1845, at which capital he became Envoy in 1850. The next year he was appointed Envoy at the Court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, but he did not proceed to Florence. He will be chiefly remembered as our Minister at Turin, which position he occupied from 1852 to 1863, and consequently during the time when the Italians were in the midst of the struggle for unity. Sir James Hudson warmly sympathised with the Italians. He was made a K.C.B. on the arrival of the Sardinian troops in the Crimea in 1855, and on his retirement from the service with a pension, in 1863, he was made G.C.B.

## PRINCIPAL SHAIKP.

John Campbell Shaip, LL.D., Principal of the United Colleges of St. Salvator and St. Leonard's, in the University of St. Andrew's, died on the 18th inst. He was born July 30, 1819, the third son of Major Norman Shaip, of Houstoun, county Linlithgow, J.P., D.L., and Convener of that county, by Elizabeth Binning, his wife, daughter of John Campbell, of Kildallog; and was educated at Edinburgh Academy and in the Universities of Glasgow and Oxford. He married, 1853, Eliza, eldest daughter of Henry Alexander Douglas, brother of the sixth Marquis of Queensberry, and leaves issue. Principal Shaip, a poet and critic, was author of "Kilmahoe: a Highland Pastoral," "Studies in Poetry and Philosophy," &c. He succeeded Dr. Forbes as Principal of the United Colleges at St. Andrew's, and in 1877 was appointed Professor of Poetry at Oxford.

## MR. VERNON-WENTWORTH.

Mr. Frederick William Thomas Vernon-Wentworth, of Wentworth Castle, Yorkshire, J.P. and D.L., died at Hastings, on the 18th inst., in his ninety-first year. He was born Sept. 20, 1795, the son of Mr. Henry Vernon, of Hilton, in Staffordshire, by Margaret, his second wife; and grandson of Mr. Henry Vernon, of Hilton, by Lady Henrietta Wentworth, his wife, youngest daughter and coheir of Thomas, Earl of Stafford; and assumed the additional surname and arms of Wentworth, in compliance with the will of his kinswoman, Augusta Hatfield Kaye, sister and heiress of the third Earl of Stafford. Mr. Vernon-Wentworth served as High Sheriff of Yorkshire, in 1841. He was a considerable landed proprietor. He married, Nov. 23, 1826, Lady Augusta Brudenell Bruce, second daughter of Charles, first Marquis of Ailesbury, and by her (who died Sept. 23, 1869), leaves issue. His only son and heir, Thomas Frederick Charles Vernon-Wentworth, was formerly M.P. for Aylesbury, and is married to Lady Harriet De Burgh, daughter of Ulick, Marquis of Clanricarde.

## GENERAL DOHERTY.

General Henry Edward Doherty, C.B., late 14th Hussars, died on the 15th inst., at Weston House, Bath. He was born in 1817, entered the Army in 1833, served throughout the Punjab Campaign of 1848-9, and attained the rank of General in 1877. He married, first, May 25, 1839, Anne Eliza, second daughter of Sir Henry Onslow, Bart., which lady died in 1876; and secondly, in 1882, Beatrice Katherine Louise, daughter of the Rev. Henry Addington Simcoe, of Penheale, Cornwall. The decoration of C.B. was conferred on him in 1849.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Maud Sarah Margaretta Bowen, Lady Mansel, wife of Sir Richard Mansel, Bart., and daughter of Mr. John Jones, of Maes-y-Crugian Hall, Carmarthenshire, aged twenty-four.

Benjamin George McDowell, M.D., one of the Physicians in Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland, at Kingstown, near Dublin, on the 15th inst., aged sixty-four. He was son of the late Dr. Ephraim McDowell, of Dublin.

Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Alexander Edward Fraser, brother of Lord Lovat, on the 20th inst., at his residence in Eaton-place. He was present at the battles of Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman, and also took part in the siege of Sebastopol.

The Rev. George Elwes Corrie, D.D., who for thirty-six years had been Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, on the 20th inst., after a lingering illness, aged ninety-two. Dr. Corrie was born at Colsterworth, Lincolnshire, graduated at St. Catharine's College in 1817, coming out twentieth wrangler. He was elected to the Norrisian Professorship of Divinity in 1838, and filled the chair for sixteen years. In 1849 he was appointed Master of Jesus College, upon the death of Dr. Williams French. The deceased's grandfather, who fought at the battle of Culloden in 1746, described the details of the engagement to the late Master.

Mr. Montagu Chambers, Q.C., at his residence in the Uxbridge-road, on the 18th inst. By his death the Bar loses one of its oldest members, the deceased being in his eighty-sixth year. Mr. Chambers was admitted as a student at Lincoln's Inn in February, 1818, and was called to the Bar by that society in February, 1828, when he joined the Home Circuit, he having previously held a commission in the Grenadier Guards as ensign. He obtained the honour of a silk gown in 1815. Mr. Chambers was M.P. for Greenwich from 1853 to 1859, and subsequently sat from 1866 down to 1874 as one of the members for Devonport. He was a grandson of Sir William Chambers, the architect of Somerset House.

## CAVES UNDER THE PHEEL KHANA TOPE.

These caves are on a cliff overlooking the Kabul River, about two miles below the Darunta Pass, where the river enters the Jellalabad valley, and nearly opposite the junction of the Surkhob. At the junction of the two rivers are very extensive remains, which there is every reason to suppose was the site of the ancient Nagarahara, the capital of the valley in the Buddhist period. At that period the group of caves in our illustration would form part of the suburbs of that city; and one cave in the group, very exceptional in its size and form, is now known as the "Pheel Khana Cave,"—or cave of the Elephant's quarters. It is just possible that the cave may have been used for the purpose given in its name, when Nagarahara was an inhabited place, with functionaries of such dignity that they required elephants as part of their "sowarie," or state equipage. On the top of one of the hills are the remains of a tope, now called the "Pheel Khana Tope." This is seen in the illustration from a Sketch by Mr. W. Simpson. There are remains over the whole of the hills in view, which tell that at one time they were covered with topes and viharas, or Buddhist monasteries. Only mounds, and the faintest traces of walls, are left; the caves have also suffered through the course of time. These were part of the extensive Buddhist establishment here. The illustration shows the principal group, which looked out upon the river; the entrance to them is by means of a long tunnel cut in the rock behind, which, from its resemblance to a street, is now called the "bazaar." The largest opening in the rock, on the extreme left, is not properly a cave, but a huge niche, in which it is supposed there had been at one time a gigantic figure of the sitting, or Dhyana, Buddha, perhaps 30 ft. or 40 ft. high. From some faint traces it may be guessed that there was a path or gallery cut in the rock by means of which pilgrims and worshippers could pass through the bazaar and walk to the front of the niche to perform their devotions in front of the statue. There is no way of approaching the niche in the rear. The rock is composed of strata of soft sandstone and conglomerate. Underneath the caves are the remains of old tunnels or conduits for conveying the water to Besud, the land on the north side of the Jellalabad valley, for the purpose of irrigation. These hills, when covered with Buddhists' establishments, which there is every reason to believe were decorated with colour, and many of them richly gilt, must have had a very splendid appearance; besides, we have to imagine the multitude of monks walking about in their yellow robes, with worshippers of all ranks moving among the chapels and shrines. The condition of the Jellalabad valley has retrograded since that period.

## AURUNGBABAD.

Several towns of India, in Bengal, in Oude, and in the North-west provinces, bear the same name in honour of the Great Mogul, the famous Emperor Aurungzebe, who reigned from 1658 to 1707; but the city of which we give an illustration was his favourite abode. It is situated in the territory of the Nizam of Hyderabad, near the frontier of the Bombay Presidency district of Ahmednugger. The river crossed by a bridge outside the city gate is the Doodna, a tributary of the Godavary. The town is much decayed, and many of its buildings are in ruins; the palace of Aurungzebe, and the mausoleum of his daughter, have some architectural stateliness, but are very inferior to the majestic edifices of Agra and Delhi. Aurungabad is distant 175 miles from the city of Bombay, in that middle region of the interior of India called the Deccan.

## REWARDS FOR GALLANTRY.

The committee of the Royal Humane Society has just concluded the investigation of a large number of cases of saving life from drowning in various parts of the United Kingdom, and has bestowed its rewards upon the following, among others:—

The medal has been awarded to the Hon. Charles Hanbury Tracey (a Harrow schoolboy), aged fifteen, son of Lord Sudley, for saving his brother, A. N. C. H. Tracey, at Hales, near Winchester, on the 5th ult. On the day named the boys were bathing in a large pond, when the youngest became entangled in some weeds about twenty yards from the shore, and, before help could be obtained, was exhausted. The gamekeeper made an attempt to save him by going up to his neck in the water, but being unable to swim, could do no more. The elder boy, who had left the water, then plunged in with all his clothes on, but could not make headway against the weeds. He at once returned, stripped, and again swam to his brother, who had now sunk below the surface. Diving, he got hold of him, and succeeded in bringing him to where the gamekeeper was, when life was apparently extinct; but subsequently the boy was restored to consciousness.

The medal has also been awarded to Sapper H. Letham, Royal Engineers, for saving Sapper Emma, who while on the top of the chart-house of a torpedo-boat, going at full speed, was knocked overboard, near Rochester Bridge, on the 14th ult.; to J. M. Cudden, for saving two militiamen who, while in a state of intoxication, fell into the Wellington Dock, Dover, Aug. 29; to R. J. Ryan, for saving A. Farmer, who attempted suicide in the River Wye, Hereford, Aug. 19; to Arthur Livesey, school-boy, of Old Trafford, Manchester, for saving H. Chiverton, in a rough sea, about 200 yards from shore, at Reeth Bay, Niton, Isle of Wight, Aug. 13; to J. Brown, butler to Sir E. W. Brady, for rescuing M. Meade, who fell off the rocks into the sea in 18 ft. of water, at Sorrento Point, extremity of Dublin Bay, on Aug. 5; to Georgina P. Roberts, a schoolgirl, aged sixteen, for saving Amy Church, who got out of her depth while bathing at Church Bay, Queenstown, on Aug. 4; to F. Jackson, for saving two gentlemen named Fraser in the sea at Ramsay Bay, Isle of Man, on Aug. 18; to E. Lindsey, rigger, for saving an engineer named Kitchen, who, while walking on the New Wharf, at Milbury, East Stonehouse, Devon, on Aug. 11, fell into the water, and was immersed twenty minutes; to W. S. Addison, for saving C. W. Neaves, a child aged six, who, while playing on the Groyne opposite St. Leonards, fell into the sea on Aug. 15; to H. Wilson, for saving two men named Gearing and Toffe, whose boat capsized at the Buckle Groyne, Bishopstone, Sussex, on Aug. 25; to J. Bradbury for saving E. Hughes, a boy of thirteen, forty yards from the shore, at Red Wharf Bay, Anglesea, on Aug. 14; and to Police-Constable C. Humphries for saving J. Keir and H. Jones, in the Floating Harbour, Bristol, on Aug. 10 and 15.

Handsome testimonials have been awarded to the following persons:—D. MacCull, Georgina Grace Moncrieff, A. Waterson, P. S. Cashford, A. J. Spain, C. Graham, Hilda C. E. Clarke, R. Todd, J. Johnson, A. V. Patterson, A. Grey, W. McDonald, H. Cassidy, and J. Lee, all of whom were instrumental in saving life.

The Queen's proclamation disembodied the militia regiments called out for "weighty reasons" last February appears in the *Gazette*.

Last Saturday the Lord Mayor opened the Queen's Park and West London Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition, at Queen's Park Hall, Harrow-road, which has remained open all this week. A large proportion of the works of art exhibited is the production of working men during their leisure hours.

At Alloa House the residence of the Earl of Mar, the Countess was presented last Saturday with a marble bust of her husband, in recognition of his Lordship's services in his capacity as Grand Master Mason of Scotland. There was a large assemblage of the brethren, and the bust was handed over to her Ladyship by Sir Archibald C. Campbell, the President Grand Master.

The unveiling of the memorial to the late Earl of Sandwich, which has assumed the shape of a drinking-fountain at Huntingdon, took place last Saturday, in the presence of a large assembly. The ceremony was performed by Mr. P. Tillard, of Stukeley Hall, chairman of the Quarter Sessions. The fountain, which is of terra cotta, has been erected at a cost of some hundreds of pounds.

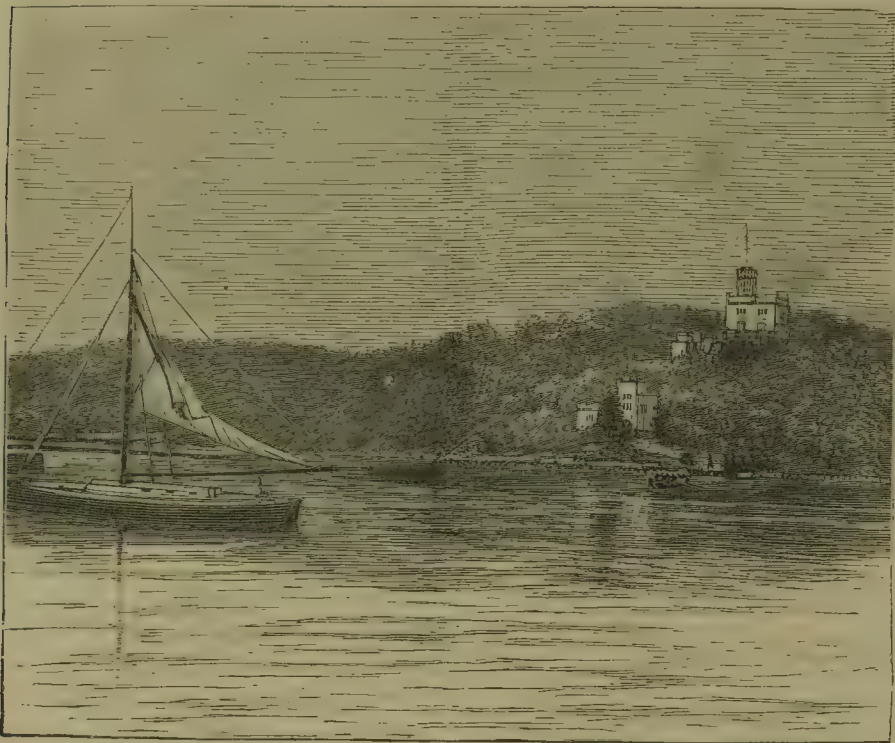


## THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN SWEDEN AND DENMARK.

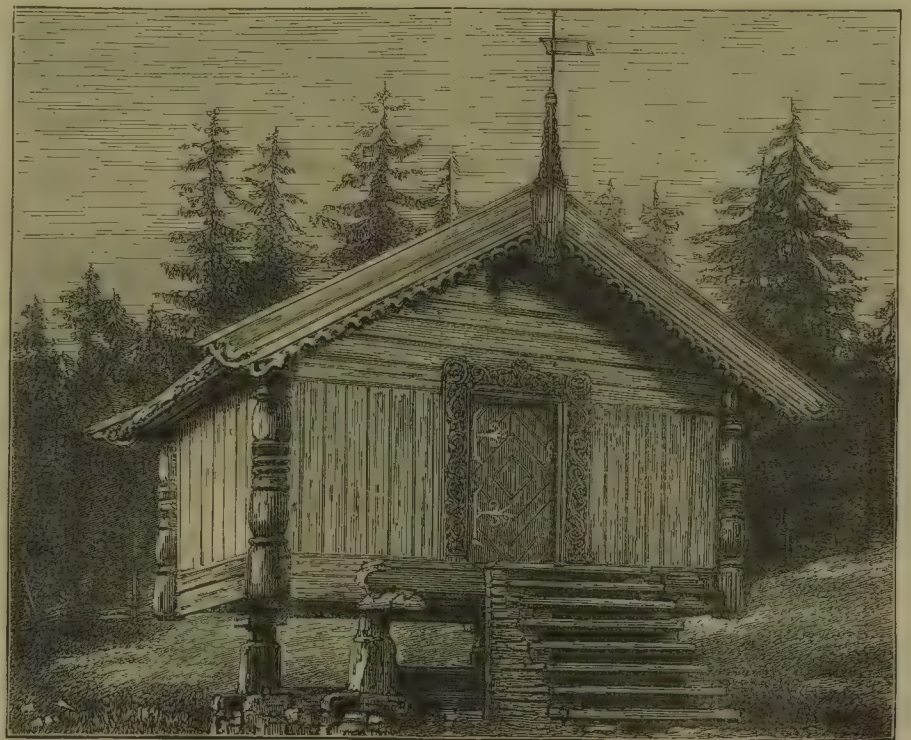
CAPTAIN PALANDER, OF THE VEGA,  
IN ATTENDANCE ON THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The visit of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to Norway and Sweden, followed by the meeting of the Prince and Princess of Wales, as guests of the Danish Royal Family at Copenhagen, with the Emperor and Empress of Russia and with the King of Greece, must still be a subject of interest to our readers. We now present some further illustrations, the first set of which relate to the Prince of Wales's visit, on the 12th inst., to Consul T. Hefty's delightful country-house, Frognersæter, seven miles west of Christiania; a place affording much enjoyment to his Royal Highness, and worthy of a particular description.

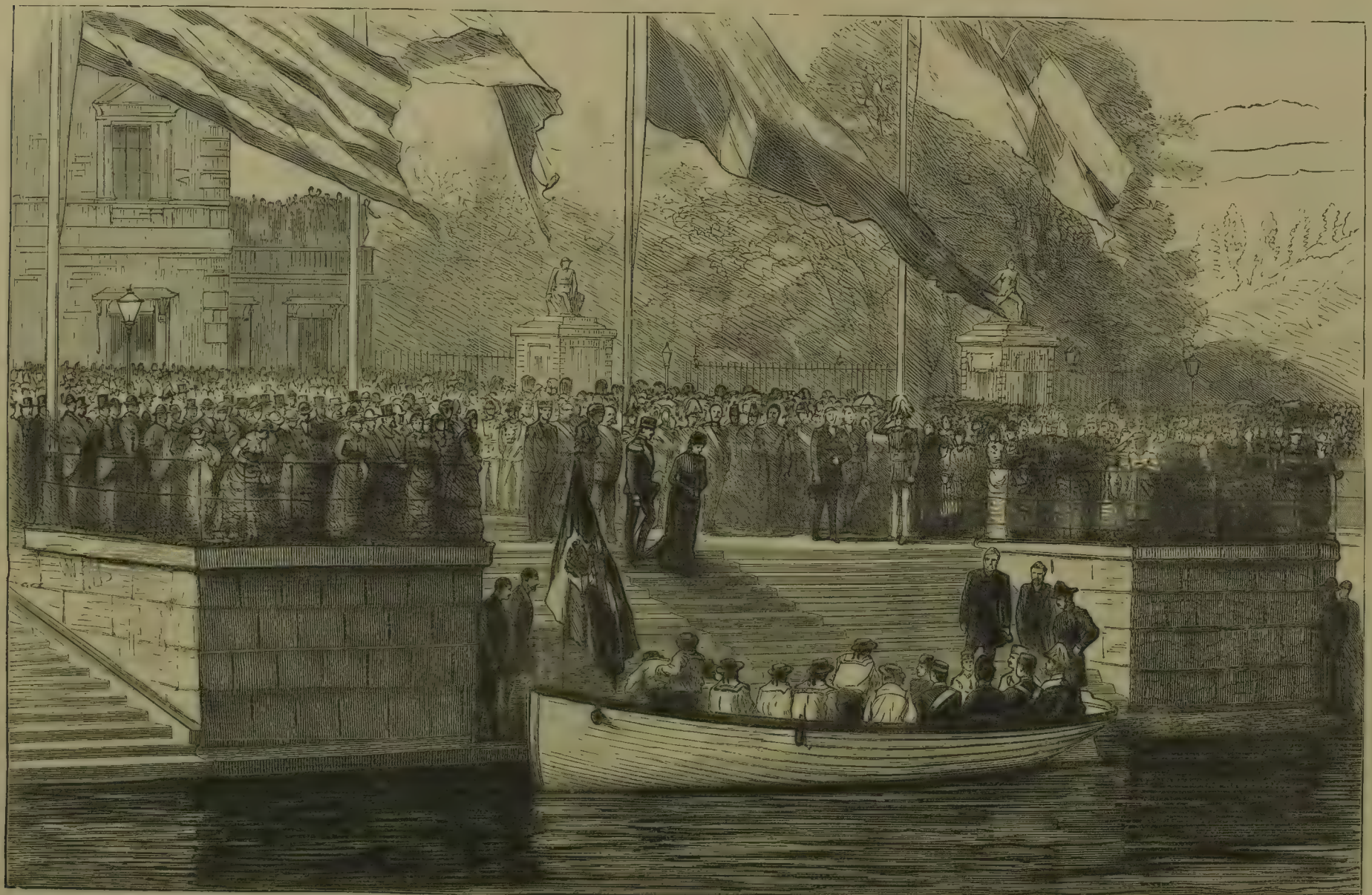
The word "sæter," in Norway, properly denotes a kind of outlying farm-house, either far up in the woods or on the high mountain plateaux, belonging to the peasants living in the valley. Almost every Norwegian "gaard," or farm, has its "sæter." When the spring comes, and the provisions of hay and fodder have been consumed, in the long Norwegian winter, the peasant takes his whole stock of cows, sheep, and other cattle to his "sæter," where there is generally plenty of good, nutritious pasturage. The fresh and invigorating air of the mountains, the wide views and the healthy life in the sæter, are good for men and beasts. Very often, in the summer, travellers in the valley find the houses there deserted and shut up, because every living soul is off to the sæter. The animals feel drawn to it, so that the cows at that season can hardly be kept in the valley. It is a stirring sight when a whole household turns out, men, women, children, and cattle, to move up to the sæter. This may be very far off, in some cases seventy miles from the farm; but

COUNT VON ROSEN  
IN ATTENDANCE ON THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE PRINCE LANDING AT OSCARSHALL, KING OSCAR'S VILLA, NEAR CHRISTIANIA.



ONE OF THE OLD HOUSES



THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND DANISH ROYAL FAMILY, RECEIVING THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF RUSSIA AT COPENHAGEN.





CAVES UNDER THE PHEEL KHANA TOPE, VALLEY OF JELLALABAD.



GATEWAY AND BRIDGE AT AURUNGBAD.



the fatigue of a journey of several days is counted nothing, the beasts know by instinct that they are proceeding to a region of abundance and plenty.

Christiania is surrounded by the fertile and prosperous district of Aker's Sogn, that is, the parish of Aker. In olden times, every "gaard" in Aker had its "sæter"; but now that the city of Christiania has spread to the rural neighbourhood, and many of the gaards have been divided into suburban cottage-grounds, only a few sæters remain in Aker. Of these Frogner's sæter is, by its situation high above the bay of Christiania, by the grand views which it commands, and by the fine woods that surround it, the most attractive.

Frogner's sæter stands 1380 ft. above the sea. The owner has built a good road, which permits every kind of carriage to drive up to it. The road is carried about two English miles further, up to Tryvandshøiden, where, at the elevation of 1750 ft., a wooden tower, 68 ft. in height, has been built, to afford a better opportunity of seeing the wonderful view. Even from the balcony of the house at Frogner's sæter, the view is very fine, extending to the boundaries of Sweden, seventy miles distant, and the entrance to the Fjord, about sixty miles distant, with a charming view of Christiania, the town and the

bay lying at one's feet. But the view from Tryvandshøiden is a panorama with a diameter of about 155 English miles, comprehending more than half the breadth of Norway in its broadest part. This view embraces at the same time the open sea, the Fjord, the town, the boundaries of Sweden, the mountains bordering Lake Mjøsen and the Randsfjord, the snow-clad Norefjeld, and the Gausta, which is the highest mountain of South Norway (6000 ft.), and which is eighty-four miles distant.

Frogner's sæter is much frequented in summer time by travellers coming to Christiania, and also by the inhabitants of that town, who come, too, in winter, with their snow-shoes and hand-sledges (kjakker) to slide down the hill. The temperature in winter, in the months of December and January especially, is higher than down in Christiania; the difference sometimes reaches ten degrees. This is the same phenomenon so often seen in Switzerland in winter, when there may be frost in Geneva, and warm air in the heights around Lac Lemman.

Our Illustrations comprise a front view of Mr. T. Heftye's house at Frogner's sæter, and the interior of several rooms in which the Prince of Wales was accommodated there. His Royal Highness stayed almost an hour on the top of the

tower at Tryvandshøiden, and returned to the sæter for lunch. The house is built in the style common in Thelmarken, and is surrounded by several very old houses of peasants, which Mr. Heftye has had transported from Hurdanger and Hallingdal, in order to rebuild them on the grounds of Frogner's sæter. The verandah of one of the old Hallingdal houses, with the Prince, Lord Suffield, Sir Allan Young, and Commander Fawkes; of the Royal yacht Osborne, is shown in one of our Illustrations. The whole place, indeed, is a kind of museum, where many old things from the households of Norwegian peasants are to be seen collected together.

The other Illustrations are that of the Prince landing at Oscarshall, the King of Sweden's villa at Christiania; portraits of two Swedish gentlemen appointed by the King to attend his Royal Highness; and the scene at Copenhagen, when the Emperor and Empress of Russia landed, with the King of Denmark, from the Royal yacht Dannebrog; their Majesties were met, on the steps, by the Princess of Wales and her brothers, the King of Greece and Prince Waldemar, and the Princess of Denmark. On Saturday last, her Royal Highness performed the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the new English church at Copenhagen.

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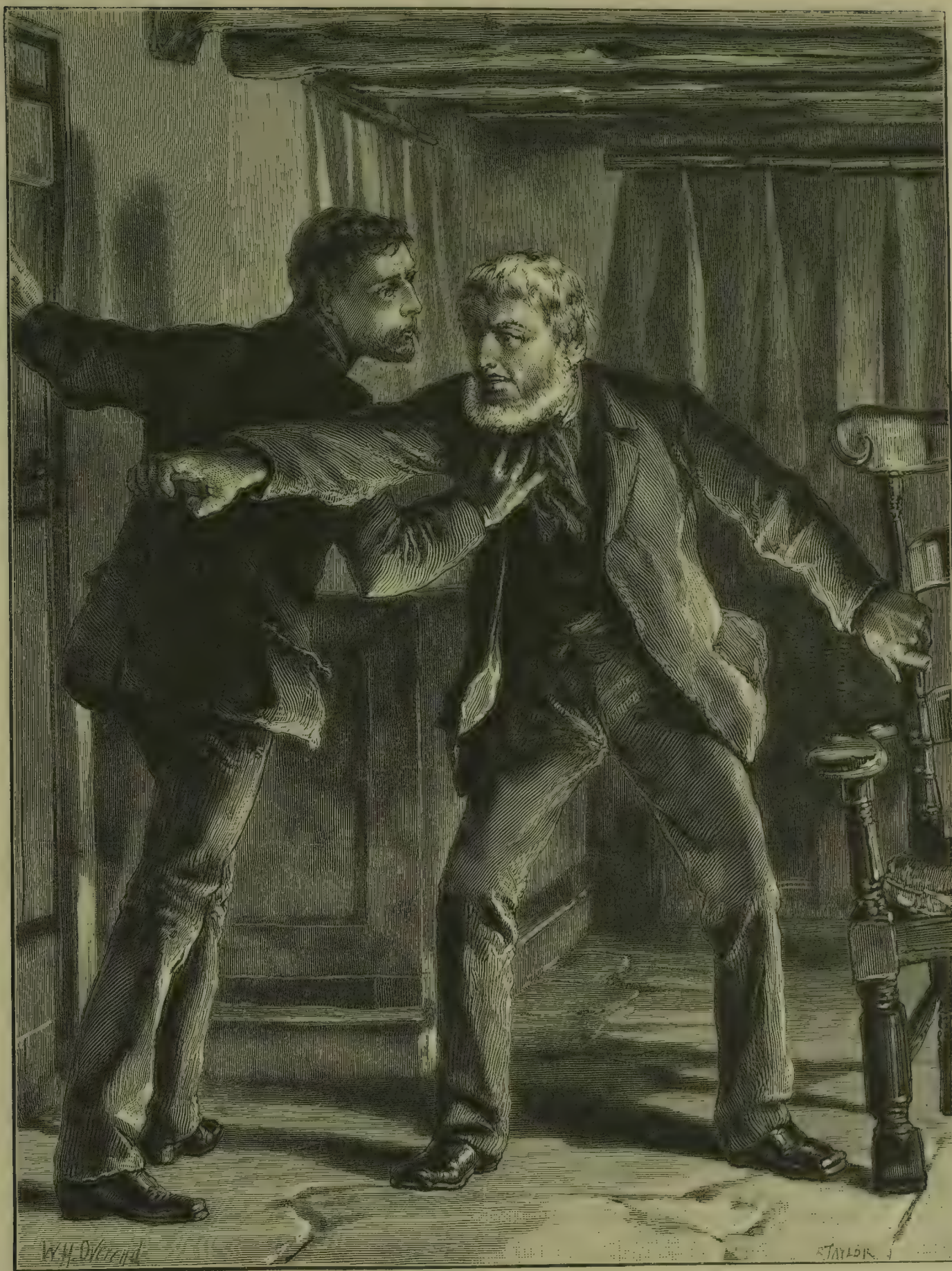
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"Only last night I thought I had my fingers at his throat, and tried to take 'un's life!"

## THE MASTER OF THE MINE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN,

AUTHOR OF "GOD AND THE MAN," "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," &c.

The visions of the earth were gone and fled—  
He saw the giant Sea above his head.—*Keats' Endymion.*

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### FATHER AND CHILD.

It was a sight to bring tears to the eyes of a strong man. The poor old father—white-haired, haggard, trembling like a leaf, and feverishly clasping the child who had been the darling of his days. He looked into her face—he smoothed back her hair with his wrinkled hand—he murmured her name—while, sobbing and moaning, she clung to him and entreated his forgiveness.

I stood looking on, almost terrified. As I did so, my aunt brushed past me, and, entering the kitchen, uttered a cry of surprise.

"Annie!"

The tone of her voice was harsh and cold, and her face was stern indeed.

Releasing herself from her father's embrace, my cousin turned to her mother with outstretched arms.

"Ycs, mother! I have come back!"

But my aunt, with the same stern expression, repulsed her, and the poor girl fell back with a pitiful moan.

"Mother, mother, dear! won't you speak to me?"

"Bide a bit! Wha brought 'ee? Did you coom back alone?"

Annie turned her eyes pitifully towards me.

"We came home together," I said, stepping forward.

"Let me look at 'ee!" cried my aunt, suddenly approaching her daughter, who hid her face and sobbed. "What, can't

'ee look your mother in the face? Naw? Then away wi' 'ee, for you 'm na daughter o' mine!"

My uncle, who had sunk trembling into a chair, looked up, amazed, as she continued,

"Look at your father! Look at the shame and trouble you 'm brought upon him! A year ago he were a happy man, and I were a happy woman; but *now*—look at us both *now*! Better to be dead and buried than to coom back yar, wi' thy shame upon 'ee, bringing sorrow and disgrace on folk that once held their heads up wi' the best!"

I was lost in amazement at my aunt's severity; for never for a moment had I anticipated such a reception. Hitherto, indeed, my uncle had seemed to take the affair most to heart, and it was *his* attitude towards Annie that I had most dreaded. But the parts of the two seemed reversed—my aunt was the stern man; my uncle, the gentle and forgiving woman.

"Come, come, aunt," I said. "You must not talk to Annie so. There has been trouble, no doubt; but it is all over now, and everything can be explained."

But my aunt was inflexible.

"Whar has she been all this while, tell me that? She left o' her awn free will, and she comes back o' her awn free will; but till I knaw what she ha' done, I'll ne'er sit down or break bread wi' her again."

"I told you how it would be!" cried Annie, addressing her words to me, but still hiding her face. "Let me go! I wish I had never come!"

And she made a hurried movement towards the door, as if

to fly. Seeing this, my aunt relented a little; though her manner was still harsh enough.

At this moment, my uncle rose.

"Annie," he said, "dawn't heed mother. She dawn't mean it, my lass—she dawn't mean it! Whate'er you 'm done, this is your home, and you are our child—our little lass." Then, turning to his wife, he added, "Speak to her, wife! speak kindly to her! Maybe she'll tell 'ee all her trouble."

His broken tones, so pleading and pitiful, melted the mother's heart. With a wild cry she sank into a chair, the tears streaming down her face.

"Oh! Annie, Annie! may the Lord forgive 'ee for what you ha' done!"

Suddenly mastering herself, my cousin uncovered her face and looked at her mother. Then, drying her tears, and speaking with tremulous determination, she said,

"I know I have been wicked. I know I should never have gone away. But if you have suffered, so have I. I never meant to bring shame and trouble upon you or father; I loved you both too well for that. But if you can't forgive me, if your heart is still bitter against me (and God knows I don't blame you, for I deserve it all), I had better go away. I don't want to be a trouble or a burden. I have made my bed, I know, and I must lie upon it; and if I had not met my cousin Hugh I should never have come home."

"Tell me the truth, Annie Pendragon," said my aunt. "Wha took thee from home? Was it him as is lying, dead and murdered, in his grave?"



Annie opened her eyes in wonder. My uncle started, and then, curious to say, averted his face, but stood listening.

"What do you mean, mother?"

"What daw I mean?" echoed my aunt, sharply. "What should I mean, Annie Pendragon? Folk say you did leave St. Gurlott's wi' a man. Were that man him that is dead?"

"I have already asked her that question," I said; "and she denies it."

I saw my uncle start again. He was still eagerly listening.

"No, mother," said Annie, firmly.

"Now? Ye were seen together i' Falmouth; all the folk think the overseer took 'ee away fro' home."

"Then it is not true."

My uncle turned; his face, which had been troubled before, now ghastly beyond measure.

"Annie, Annie, my lass!" he cried. "Dawn't deny it! Speak the truth, and we'll forgie 'ee! It were Measter Johnson wha brought thee to your trouble—say it were, Annie, say it were!"

His voice was pleading and full of entreaty. I alone of all there, guessed why. But Annie shook her head sadly, as she replied,

"No, father. Him you speak of was nothing to me, and never harmed me by word or deed."

"John Rudd saw ye together i' Falmouth," cried my aunt; "and after that, the overseer were away for days. Why will 'ee lie to her that bore 'ee, Annie Pendragon?"

"I am not lying, mother. I am telling you the Gospel truth. Father, she *won't* believe me! But *you* will, won't you? God knows I would not deceive you, after what has past!"

But my uncle had turned away, like a man mortally wounded, and, leaning against the lintel of the window, was looking wildly out.

"Dawn't speak to me!" he said, "Dawn't, my lass! I can't bear it!"

I thought it time to interfere; so gently taking Annie by the hand, I led her to my aunt, and made them shake hands and kiss each other. Thus some sort of reconciliation was established, and presently the two women, mother and daughter, went up-stairs together. My hope was that, after that, recriminations would cease, and some sort of peace be established in the unhappy house.

Directly we were alone, my uncle turned and faced me. I saw that he was still greatly agitated, and fancied that I guessed the cause.

"Hugh, my lad," he said, "I know I can trust 'ee. Ever sin you was a little lad, you 'm been a'most a son to me."

With the tears standing in my eyes, I wrung his hand. I pitied him, with my whole heart and soul; for indeed I loved him like a son.

"Hearken then, Hugh, my lad. Did you hear what poor Annie said about hersen and the overseer?"

I nodded; and he continued,

"Be it truth, think 'ee?"

"I think so—nay, I am certain."

"There were nawt between them?"

"Nought. Annie would never have looked at such a fellow. Lord forgive me for speaking so of one that's dead!"

He drew his hand across his brow, where the perspiration stood in beaded drops.

"I think you 'm right, lad; I dawn't think my Annie would lie. But it has allays been on my mind, d'ye see, that Johnson 'ticed her fro' her home. God forgie me if I ha' been mista'en! More than once, lad, dreaming like, I ha' fancied—I ha' fancied—that overseer hissen confessed wi' his awn mouth that he were to blame; and only last night abed, dreaming like again, I thought I had my fingers at his throat. . . . and tried to take 'un's life! I might ha' done it, I might ha' done it, if what I thought were true!"

As he spoke, he raised his voice to a cry, and a strange mad light, such as I had never seen there before, began to gather in his eyes.

Terrified at his words, I moved to the kitchen door, and closed it quickly.

"Hush! For God's sake, don't speak so loud! Someone may hear you!"

He was quiet in a moment. Subdued and gentle, he let me lead him to a chair. Then our eyes met, and though we exchanged no word, he saw that I guessed his secret, and, groaning painfully, he buried his face in his two hands, and called on God to forgive him for his sins.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE SHADOW IN THE HOUSE.

Thus it was that poor Annie returned to her home and was received once again as a member of the little circle at St. Gurlott's. But things were sadly changed for her, poor child; and sometimes as I watched her patient endurance my heart rose in revolt, and I blamed myself for having been the means of bringing her home again.

True, my uncle was glad to see her, and treated her with uniform kindness; indeed, he was never happy unless she was before him, and Annie, noting this, was untiring in her devotion to him. But with my aunt it was another matter. She, who was usually the kindest of women, now became a domestic tyrant, and practised towards her daughter a species of cruelty which in another person she would have been the first to denounce. She never let poor Annie rest, but reproached her unceasingly about the troubles she had brought about, the change she had wrought in her poor father, and the happiness of the little home; and she never failed to remind her that it was not until she had been deserted by her unknown lover that she had decided to return and administer consolation to those whose hearts she had broken.

All this Annie bore without a murmur. "It was only her due," she said; "her mother was right; she had destroyed all their happiness, and she should be made to suffer." Nevertheless, it was hard for her to bear, and I very often saw her with traces of tears upon her cheek.

But when people have poverty before them they cannot afford to exaggerate sentimental troubles, and I soon came to the conclusion that the best way to help Annie was to help myself—to obtain a situation, in fact; and thus, by contributing a weekly allowance, to give things a better complexion at home. As all hope of obtaining employment in St. Gurlott's was out of the question, I turned my attention to other quarters. After many heart-rending disappointments and endless correspondence, I obtained a situation as overseer of a copper-mine in Devon.

The situation was a suitable one in every way, and promised to be lucrative. I was to leave home and begin operations in a fortnight.

I was in the midst of my preparations, half happy in the thought of being able to inhabit a part of the globe where my misfortunes could not find me out, when I one day heard a piece of news which killed at one blow all my hopes of the future, and made my life mere Dead Sea fruit.

A report spread over the village that George Redruth was about to be married forthwith to Madeline Graham.

How or through whom the report originated, no one could tell; but its truth was admitted on every hand.

The news stunned me at first, then it drove me mad; wild, ungovernable jealousy took possession of me. I could do nothing, think of nothing now, save one thing—that the woman I loved beyond everything in this world was about to become the wife of another man, and that man my bitter enemy at heart.

It was impossible to conceal my secret any longer—they had but to look into my face and read it. When Annie heard the news, she cried bitterly; and I, blind as usual, believed she cried out of sympathy for me.

"It is a shame, Hugh!" she said, "after having made you love her, that she should wile away another man."

"Don't say a word against Miss Graham," I returned, "for she is an angel."

"Iss, hold your peace!" cried my aunt. "'Tis nawt to us, and why should you interfere? And, after all, 'tis better as it is. She could never have wed wi' Hugh; and no good comes o' young folk dangle after one another when they can never coom together."

There was sound sense in my aunt's words, though at the time, with the fiercest jealousy and hatred raging in my heart against the man who had supplanted me, I could not listen to them. A few days' reflection, however, brought me to a better state of mind—showed me that I was a fool, and that the news which had wrought such an astounding effect upon me was only what I might have expected, if a wild unwarrantable passion had not made me blind. For, after all, what was I to Madeline?

During my boyhood, I had dared to love her; but when we met again, I saw distinctly that the episode which had been all in all to me had passed completely from her mind. I had had the good fortune to save her life, and she, angel that she was, had been grateful; but now the debt had been repaid—in exchange for her life, she had helped to save mine. Having paid her debt, she had removed herself irrevocably from me.

As I thought of all this, I felt my heart grow hard, and I cursed God, who, in his beneficence, had sent me this one ray of blessing. But why had it come at all? Why had I been shown the light at all, if I was doomed to be cast into darkness again for the remainder of my life? With Madeline Graham by my side, I knew what my days might be; without her, I knew it would be better for me to be lying at the bottom of the sea.

I had mused thus walking up from the village one night, and now, standing at the cottage gate, I looked across the marshes towards the spot where so many months ago I had brought Madeline to shore.

As I gazed, my eyes grew dim, and the impulse came upon me to revisit once again the spot where my darling had set her foot; so I struck off across the waste towards the lonely shore.

It was a fine bright moonlight night, clear and still, though the shifting clouds in the sky predicted storm. I found the sea as calm as a mill-pond, fringed with white where the edge lapped the stones upon the shore. The moon was shining radiantly upon it; also upon the boat-house, which I looked at tenderly, remembering how I had carried Madeline there. Then I fell to thinking of her. I felt again as if her head were lying on my shoulder—her cold bare arms clinging about my neck; and I felt as though I would give half my life for such an experience again.

With a heavily drawn sigh I was about to move away, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and turning, I found myself face to face with Madeline herself!

Yes; there she stood, looking more like a spirit than a thing of flesh and blood—her face was so white, her eyes so sad. She was wrapped from head to foot in costly furs, while a black hood was thrown lightly over her head and tied under her chin.

At sight of her, all the blood rushed to my temples, and I felt my body trembling like a leaf; but I commanded myself sufficiently to speak.

"Madeline!" I said: "Miss Graham, you here at this hour?"

"Yes," she answered calmly, smiling a little: "it is a strange place to find me, is it not? But then you know, Mr. Trelawney, I am a strange creature. . . I may as well confess the truth. I followed you here to-night."

"You followed me?"

"Yes. After our dinner this evening, I came out with Anita, intending to pay you a visit at the cottage. When we came within sight of the gate, I saw you standing there. I paused a moment before stepping forward to speak to you, and you moved away, striking across the marshes towards the sea. I sent Anita back, and followed you here."

I was not altogether glad that she had done so. It was torture to be near her, to look at her, and to know that she had come straight from the caressing arms of another man. However, I commanded myself sufficiently to say,

"It is not right for you to be here, Miss Graham. Will you let me take you home?"

"You shall do so presently," she answered, not looking at me, but keeping her eyes fixed upon the sea. "Now I want to talk to you. Is it true you are going away?"

"Yes; it is quite true."

"Where are you going?"

"To the borders of Devon. I have obtained a good situation, and hope to make a position there which I could never have risen to here."

"And you will be glad to go," she continued—"to leave your home?"

"Yes," I replied; "I shall be glad to go. As to my home—why, I have no home now, all is so sorely changed. My uncle is so broken, I should hardly know him; my poor cousin, with her load of sorrow, sits in the house and shrinks from the sight of any human soul. It will be all changed for me elsewhere. Perhaps I shall find happiness. God grant it! At any rate, there will never be happiness for me here again!"

"You talk very bitterly," continued Madeline. "Then you have no wish to stay?"

"Why should I wish to stay? A few days ago it would have been another matter. It is all changed now—all changed!"

"What do you mean, Mr. Trelawney?"

"I mean," I answered, utterly losing my self-control, "that, through all these months of darkness and trouble, I have been sustained by one thought, one hope. Miss Graham, we are alone together to-night; there is no one but you to hear me. I may never see you again in this world, therefore I will say it. I love you. I have loved you all my life!"

She put up her hand and said, hurriedly, "Mr. Trelawney, please say no more!"

But it was too late, I took her hand and kissed it.

"I loved you," I continued, "in those far-off days when we were boy and girl together. Then years afterwards the sea gave you back to my arms, and, God help me! the old passion was rekindled in my soul with ten times its original fire. Once I had looked again into your face, my darling, I had but one hope, one thought. I know I was a madman. I knew there was a gulf between us broader than the sea from which I snatched you, and yet, fool that I was, I lived in my paradise, and refused to see the pitfalls which

were looming ahead. It was enough to know that I loved you, and that sometimes I was gladdened by a sight of your face."

I paused, and dropped her hand; she was crying.

"Miss Graham," I cried, "don't cry, for Heaven's sake! You have a right to hate me for what I have said."

She quickly brushed away her tears, and turned to me, smiling sadly.

"Don't say so, please. I honour and respect you more than I can say—more than I can confess, even to myself. I shall pray always for your welfare and happiness, and I shall never forget you as long as I live!"

"God bless you!" I murmured, kissing her hand again.

She drew it away hurriedly.

"Ah! don't do that," she murmured, "I ought rather to kneel to you—you, who are so much braver and better than I."

She walked away a little, and I stood for a moment pondering with my eyes upon the sea.

Suddenly I said, "Miss Graham, when are you to be married?" She started, hesitated for a moment, and then replied,

"I don't quite know. I am going up to London shortly. We are to be married there."

Every word she uttered seemed to stab me to the heart. Up to this I had clung to a wild hope that the reports I had heard might have had no foundation—now that hope was gone.

"Why," I asked desperately, "are you going to marry your cousin?"

She started again, and trembled slightly. "Why do people generally marry one another?" she answered. "Still, there is a very grave reason why this should be. My cousin is comparatively poor, while I am rich; he has grave difficulties before him which I can relieve if I am his wife."

"Did he put all this before you?"

"No; he does not even know that I am aware of it. Ah! Mr. Trelawney, we have all our troubles, and my poor aunt is breaking her heart over hers. Things have been going wrong ever since my uncle died."

"And you are to be sacrificed to set them right again!"

"Where does the sacrifice come in?"

"Did she ask you if you loved her son?"

"No! She asked me if there was anyone else whom I wished to marry, and I answered her truthfully: I said there was not."

We walked back over the marshes, Madeline leaning lightly on my arm; but we never spoke a word. Having reached the road, we walked on towards Redruth House, and paused at the gate.

"Good-bye, Miss Graham!" I said, holding forth my hand.

"Good-bye!" she said.

"Yes," I returned, "I think it ought to be good-bye. In a week or ten days at most, I shall be leaving St. Gurlott's, and we may not meet again!"

Before I knew what she was doing, she had seized my hand and raised it to her lips.

"Good-bye, dear friend," she murmured, "and may God bless you!" then, with a sob, she turned and was gone.

I stood petrified, watching in a dazed kind of wonder the figure as it moved up the moonlit avenue and disappeared amongst the trees; then, with a sigh, I turned away. Bitterly as I had suffered through my love for Madeline, I did not for one moment wish that that episode in my life had never been.

(To be continued.)

## AN ENGLISH HOP-GARDEN.

The vineyards of Southern Europe are not always so beautiful as in the romantic fancy of untravelled dreamers; it depends on the method of cultivation, which differs much in the vine-growing districts of France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. There are countries where the vines are grown on short upright sticks, and look at a distance rather like a field of potato-plants; while on the steep sides of the mountains, in Piedmont for example, they trail over a horizontal trellis supported by stone pillars, and in Tuscany hang festooned between a row of walnut or other fruit-trees. But few vineyards in any of those sunny lands present a more lovely aspect than the hop-gardens of Kent and Sussex, when the tall poles are clad with luxuriant greenery of a tender and delicate hue, and when the clinging vines twine gracefully around those rough supporters, and let the mellow clusters hang drooping amidst their pale foliage, making a curtain on each side of the verdant avenues where you stand to inhale the aromatic fragrance. Early in September is the time of hop-picking, when these gardens must be stripped of their glory for the purposes of trade; and the cultivator, who has incurred great cost for a profit of which he is too often disappointed by many unwholesome accidents liable to affect the valuable crop, is one of the most anxious of British husbandmen. The motley host of hop-gatherers, including, as is well known, multitudes of poor London folk, men, women, and children, glad to enjoy the country air and the rural scene with fair wages and a pleasant change of toil, vie with each other in this exciting work. The bine is first cut, near the ground, by an instrument which has a knife-blade on one side and a stout hook on the other; the pole, with the bine still upon it, is then pulled up and laid across the bin, over a sheet of canvas placed on a frame, so as to form a hollow receptacle somewhat like the bed in a cradle; and there a dozen hands are quickly busied in plucking the hops, which fall into the bin, adding to the previous collection; the leaves and flowers are torn off by one or two parting strokes, and the pole is laid aside for future use. This process is repeated all day long, as fast as the pickers can deal with the plants cut down and laid before them, and when the bin is filled with hops, containing perhaps twenty bushels, it is lifted and emptied, and they are carried away to the kiln or "oast-house," to be dried by a furnace fire. Our Sketches of the outdoor work may be intelligible by the aid of this general description; it will be observed that some of the hop-pickers, especially of the children, work apart from the gangs at separate baskets, and quick boys or girls can earn their eightpence a day, or more, by moderate diligence, at the rate usually paid. The best hop-growing district is reputed to be about East Farleigh, near Maidstone, and in general the valley of the Medway.

The Albert Palace First Annual Cat Show opened on Tuesday, and continued four days. The entries were numerous (over 250), and included prize-winners from all parts of the country. Mr. Billet, the well-known naturalist, acted as judge.

At a dinner given last week on board the White Star mail-steamer Adriatic, moored in the Mersey, Mr. F. H. Ismay and Mr. William Imrie, managers of the White Star line, were presented with valuable testimonials from the shareholders. Mr. Ismay was presented with a magnificent dinner service of silver and gold-plated, valued at over 3000 guineas, with his portrait in oil, painted by Sir J. E. Millais; while Mr. Imrie was presented with a painting by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., and a subject by Mr. Alma Tadema.



A MUSHROOM-HUNT.

No sooner has the shooting season set in than the advertisement columns of provincial newspapers bristle with warnings and threatenings against persons trespassing in fields for the pursuit of game, or entering woods for nutting purposes, thereby disturbing both pheasants and foxes. The gentlemen who are requested not to sport over lands in the occupation of the advertisers, and who are earnestly entreated to refrain from shooting or coursing in places where they have no permission to do either the one or the other, are occasionally warned that they must not trespass on other people's properties "in pursuit of game and mushrooms"; as though the edible fungi were expected to rise up and fly away like a covey of partridges. Perhaps the advertisers were thinking of the truffle-hunters and their attendant dogs. One of the provincial advertisers calls such persons "mushroomers," which is a new word to add to the dictionary.

Now, I wish to be a mushroomer, and to wander forth in pursuit of mushrooms. Not that I desire to commit any trespass, for I am only wandering on my own land and on that of a complaisant neighbour; and, though my companion is Bruce—most beautiful, well-bred, and intelligent of collies—he is scarcely to be accounted a sporting dog. He will flush a covey of partridges, and he will put up a hare or rabbit, and run after them for some distance; but he never catches them, and is too soft-mouthed to hurt them. Yet he thoroughly enjoys my mushroom-hunt; and when I appear at the door, with a certain small basket in my hand, he at once understands the object of my walk, and bounds and barks in frantic delight, leaping and racing backwards and forwards, but always with an eye to the mushroom-basket.

He knows full well that we are going for a ramble over the sheep-bitten meadows, where the grass is cropped short, and where he can do a bit of amateur shepherding, just to show his breed, and what he could do if he was called upon to do it. The sheep, white and nimble, scamper away as though each one was a white doe of Rylstone; and Bruce, answering my whistle, wheels round from driving them into an imaginary fold, and returns to help me in my hunt for mushrooms. Not for long, though, for four hares have got up, and after a moment's hesitation, standing with ears erect, are scampering to the four points of the compass—Bruce perplexed, and undecided which to follow first. Two rabbits recall him to his senses, as, with a whisk of their white scuts, they hurry away to their burrows, whither Bruce follows them very excitedly; but is no more able to catch them than he can catch the swallows as they wheel round him in their lightning flight. He has to content himself with loud barks that "make the welkin"—whatever that may be—"ring," as he bounds in the air as though from a spring-board.

Angling, the recreation of the contemplative man, is, when successful, necessarily accompanied with some amount of torture, coupled with as much destruction of life as the fisherman may be able to achieve in his day's sport. "That horrid fly," said the experienced fish to her giddy child, "is meant to hide the torture of the hook."

Now, in mushrooming—which I would strongly advocate as a recreation for a contemplative man—there is no pain to give to any creature, no torture, no destruction of life. Yet there is the desire of capture and possession, combined with an outdoor and fresh-air occupation, with pleasant exercise for the mind, and the pure enjoyment of rural scenes. On a fresh, sunny morning in summer or autumn, there can be few occupations more agreeable and healthful than a ramble in the meadows, or "o'er the downs so free," hunting for mushrooms.

And they do take some hunting; many being half-hidden as they grow by the side of tall tufts of coarse grass and rushes, or by thistles and ant-hills. Then, when I spy a possible mushroom, I find, on near approach, that it is a cluster of white daisies, or a white stone, which, however lucky an omen it might have been to the Roman in Horace's day, is disappointing to one who is hunting for the shiny white knobs or the wider discs—like marble tables for the elves to dance on—or even the smaller white bosses, the pearl buttons on Nature's green coat.

Like the sportsman and the angler, the mushroom-hunter may have his blank days; but, although he may not have filled his little basket with those white and pink dainties with the fragrant smell, yet he will have enjoyed his healthy ramble in the breezy meadows, scented with Nature's purest perfumes, with larks carolling blithely high in air, and butterflies on the wing. In the stimulating tonic of the fresh country air, such mushroom-fields are happy hunting-grounds, as Bruce and I find, from our varying points of view. There are rush-fringed pools for the cattle, where Bruce delights in a bath, to emerge therefrom glistening with water-drops, which he gets rid of by an artistic trundle, and hurls himself with gracefully-curved leaps down the hill-side, after a hare that he has just startled from its form. There is its cosy bed, well padded down among the tall rushes. Before Bruce returns to me, I find myself looking at a soft, downy something, with two mild eyes, peeping up curiously at me out of a thick tuft of grass. It is a young rabbit; and so small and upright is his bed, that he has to bound out of it like a Jack-in-the-box as he scuttles away, and nearly falls into the jaws of Bruce, who is coming back from his vain pursuit of the hare, with panting mouth and drooping red tongue.

The drowsy cooing of the wood-pigeons makes music for my mushroom-hunt; and, with a sudden whirr-r-r-r, that is quite startling, we have nearly walked into a covey of partridges, that rise a yard in the air, and, while the male bird carefully pilots his young brood through the hedge and into the next field, the mother flutters along in the opposite direction, trailing an apparently broken wing, and tempting Bruce to follow an easy prey. Then, when she has got him sufficiently far to have allowed her brood to escape, she laughs, as it were, in his face, at the deceit she has so cleverly put upon him, and, spreading out her simulated broken wing, rapidly steers her course to the hiding-place of her husband and family.

Passing into the next field, either Bruce or I have evidently come very near to a plover's nest; for, although I cannot discover it, pretty with its spotted brown eggs, yet the bird suddenly rises from the ground, and wheels round and round in the air, uttering its peculiar, harsh, and melancholy wailing cry, and every now and then dashing down so near to my head that I involuntarily raise my arm to guard myself from the attack. This it continues to do the whole time that I am in the field, considerably interfering with my hunt for mushrooms; and it is not until I and Bruce have quitted the field that the plover ceases to pursue us, and returns to its nest.

I, too, have to return to my own nest. I have filled my little basket with the fragrant-smelling, pink-lined white pads, and Bruce and I will now go home, hinking thoroughly enjoyed our ramble. When one feels fagged and wearied, with nerves overstrained, and altogether in that used-up condition that a parson, after a hard Sunday's work, terms "Mondayish," then I can highly recommend a mushroom-hunt as a speedy and pleasant cure, effected by tranquil excitement, gentle occupation, and healthy exercise in the open air.

CUTHBERT BEDE.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

D D P (Londonderry).—Thanks for the problem. It shall be examined.

BELLINGHAM.—We printed Herr Horwitz' problem as we found it. Many correspondents point out the mate in two moves.

E J W W (Croydon).—We like the idea. The problem appears below.

C A S B (Teildington).—Very good. If found correct, it shall have a diagram.

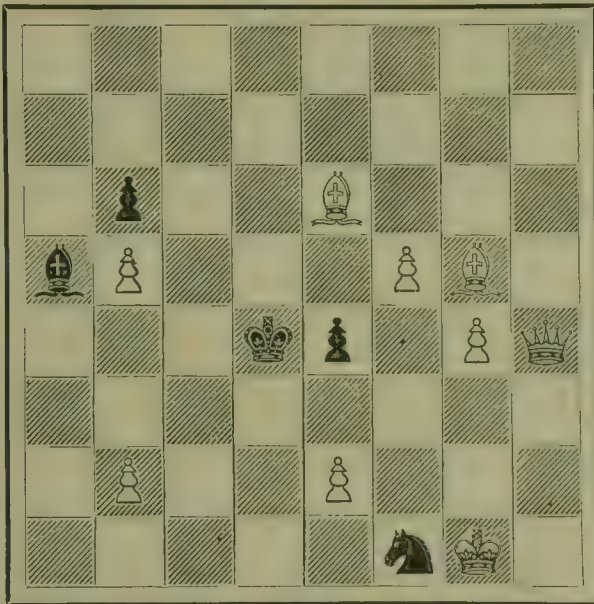
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2161 received from F E Gibbins (Thilist) and G Felton (Thilist); of No. 2162 received from Frank Pickering, M H Moorhouse, Richard Thomas, and Indagator; of No. 2163 from J A Schmucke, M H Moorhouse, Richard Murphy, E J Winter Wood, Hereward, Rev. J R Olovenshaw, Casino National (Jerez), H T H, and Emile Frau; of Herr Horwitz' problem from J Holmes Joy, Emmo (Darlington), J A Schmucke, M H Moorhouse, Bellum, T G (Ware), F F Pott, Richard Murphy, and Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney); of Dr. Gold's problem from J A Schmucke, Casino National, and Hereward.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2161 received from E Casella (Paris), R H Brook, Lashmar Penfold, L Wyman, H Reeves, C Darragh, E Elsbury, C S Cox, H R Wood, S Bullen, N S Harris, R L Southwell, H Jenks, Joseph Ainsworth, T Sinclair, Gordon Jackson, Commander W L Martin (R.N.), E London, W Hillier, J Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, A Douthwaite, T G (Ware), H Wardell, Richard Murphy (Wexford), L L Greenaway, G W Law, L Falcon (Antwerp), W Carewell, Edmund Field, W Hillier, R Tweddell, George Gouge, Henry Sweet, Otto Pulder (Ghent), A C Hunt, James Pilkington, A W Scrutton, C Oswald, L S D, Ben Nevis, Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), J Hall, H T H, H Lucas, C S Cox, F Marshall, E J Winter Wood, F F Pott, J K (South Hampstead), Emile Frau, and Emmo (Darlington).

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

No. 2163.		DR. GOLD'S PROBLEM.	
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to R sq	P to K 6th (ch)	1. R to Q B sq	K takes P
2. K to B 3rd	Any move	2. R to Q sq	K moves
3. Mates accordingly.		3. R to K Kt sq	K to K 5th
		4. R to K Kt 4th. Mate.	

PROBLEM No. 2166.  
By E. J. WINTER WOOD.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

Final Game in the late match between Messrs. THOROLD and WAYTE. The notes appended have been suggested by Mr. Wayte.  
(French Game.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	24. R to Q 2nd	R to Q sq
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	25. B to Q sq	P to K Kt 4th
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd	26. B to B 3rd	K to R sq
3. B to Kt 5th is better than the move in the text, but 3. Kt to K B 3rd is best.			
4. Kt to B 3rd	B to Kt 5th	This is a curious danger; but Mr. Thorold's style is always to break through the restraint of such a position.	
5. B to Q 3rd	P takes P	27. Kt to Q 4th	P to B 4th
6. B takes P	P to K 2nd	28. Kt takes B P	P takes Kt
7. Castles	P to K R 3rd	29. P to K 6th (dis. ch)	Kt to B 3rd
8. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to Q 2nd	29. K to Kt sq is better. White's best reply would then be, not P takes Kt (ch), but 30. B to Q 5th, compelling Black to take P with B.	
9. P to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	30. B takes Kt (ch)	K takes B
10. B to B 2nd	B to Q 3rd	31. P to K 7th	K Kt takes P
11. B to Q 2nd	Castles	32. P takes K R (Q ch)	R takes Q
12. B to B 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd	33. Q takes K B P	Kt to K 4th
13. Q to Q 3rd	Kt to R 4th	34. K R to Q sq	Kt takes B (ch)
14. Q R to Q sq	P to K B 4th	35. Q takes Kt	B to B 3rd
15. P to K Kt 3rd	Q to K 2nd	36. Q to B 4th	R to K sq
16. Q to K 3rd	B to Q 2nd	37. R to Q 6th	R to K 3rd
17. P to Q R 3rd		38. R takes R	Q takes R
The advance of these Pawns enables White to keep the adverse Q B out of play.			
17. Q R to K sq	P to Kt 3rd	39. R to Q 8th (ch)	B to K sq
18. P to Q Kt 4th	Kt to B 3rd	40. K to B 2nd	K to Kt sq
19. Kt to B sq	Kt to B 3rd	41. Q to K 3rd	Q takes Q (ch)
20. Kt to K 5th	B takes Kt	42. K takes P	K to B 2nd
Almost compulsory; yet the effect is to hamper the action of the Knight.			
21. P takes B	Kt to R 2nd	43. P takes P	P takes P
22. P to B 4th	Kt to R sq	44. R to B 8th	
23. Kt to Kt 3rd	Kt to B 2nd		

and in a few moves, Black resigned the game and the match.

IRISH CHESS ASSOCIATION.

The first meeting of the Irish Chess Association will be opened at 29, Nassau-street, Dublin, on Saturday, Oct. 3 next, at eight o'clock in the evening. Play in the several tournaments will be commenced on Monday, Oct. 5, and will be continued daily from eleven a.m. to five p.m., and from seven p.m. to eleven p.m.:

I. CHESS TOURNAMENT.—Open to all members of the I.C.A., and conducted on the same rules (with modifications) as those of the London International Tournament of 1883. Entrance fee, £1. First prize, three sixths; second, two sixths; third, one sixth of entrance fees, with power to add to the amount.

II. HANDICAP TOURNAMENT.—Open to all members of the I.C.A. Prizes, same as in No. I. Tournament. Entrance fee, 10s.

III. CLUB TOURNAMENT.—Open to all clubs federated with the I.C.A. Teams to consist of not more than six members. Honorary prize. Entrance free.

IV. PROBLEM TOURNAMENT.—Each competitor may enter from one to four original unpublished direct mate problems, but not more than two two-move and two three-move. For the first and second best two-movers, £2 and £1; judge, the Rev. G. A. MacDonnell. For the first and second best three-movers, £2 and £1; judge, Mr. T. P. Duffly. No competitor to gain more than one prize in each section. Open to members of the I.C.A. Entrance free.

V. END-GAME TOURNAMENT.—Each competitor may enter one or two original unpublished positions. For the best position, £2; judge, Mr. Porterfield Rynd. Entrance free. Open to members of the I.C.A.

VI. SOLUTION TOURNAMENT.—For the quickest and most correct set of solutions to the problems submitted to be solved at the meeting. For three-move solutions, two prizes, to consist of works on chess; for two-move solutions, ditto. Entrance free. Open to members of the I.C.A.

VII. BLINDFOLD MATCH.—Between eminent specialists and members of the I.C.A.

VIII. FOUR-HANDED CHESS.—Major George Hope Verney has expressed his intention of accepting the invitation of the council of the I.C.A. to introduce this game on certain evenings, which will be duly announced.

Membership of the Irish Chess Association may be obtained on payment of five shillings. All problems and end-games should be sent, not later than the 28th inst., to Mr. T. B. Rowland, 10, Victoria-terrace, Clontarf, Dublin, from whom copies of the rules and regulations of the competition can be obtained.

Mr. A. F. Mackenzie, of Kingston, Jamaica, announces that he will shortly publish, under the patronage of his Excellency the Governor and honourable members of the Legislative Council of Jamaica, a work entitled "Chess: Its Poetry and its Prose." The book will be bound in cloth, gilt lettered, and the price, to subscribers, will be eight shillings.

The Oakwell Colliery at Ilkeston was, on the 17th inst., the scene of a singular accident, happily unattended by loss of life. Over three hundred men and boys were imprisoned in the workings owing to the destruction of the winding gear. They were, however, got out by means of the furnace shaft.

THE HOMING OF SWALLOWS AND THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

When amidst russet leaves the wild-nuts show and the beech-trees brighten daily, we feel that the time has at last come round for a stillness in the country; for with the homing of swallows there is a migration of birds from the haunts where they long have been—those birds that we welcomed as spring came in, and so lovingly watched through the summer. Nothing adds to the pleasure of rural life like the presence of playful birds, who sing as they sway on the bending boughs, day by day, in each copse and thicket, till they become, as it were, well-known old friends, that we wish could be always with us. But though song-birds must come and song-birds must go, each in his appointed season, we miss none the less all their joyous ways, because of fresh birds arriving, for the singing-time of the year passed by with the last great flush of flowers, which now gives place to tinged leaves and ripe fruit.

Our first great loss was the nightingale, whose notes we heard in the month of May, when the hawthorns were all snowed over, and to whom we listened each night as he sang his song, low down in the hanging woods. But his sweet trill altered when his young brood came, and ceased as they left the nest, though he stayed with us till August had almost ended, when away he winged with his songless mate, and the young ones soon afterwards followed. Than the nightingale, no bird has been more addressed by the poets, as the sweetest, though shortest, of songsters; and we wish we could hear him as long as the rest, whose songs lack so much of his musical melody. But next to him, for sweet song, we must place the blackcap, who sings so much longer, and who now will be leaving us, for his notes at all times are so flute-like and rich as to make some amends for the loss of his rival; and he still warbles on, so contented is he, when he takes his mate's place on the nest. It is pleasant to hear him, and also to see him; for though he cannot be trusted where raspberries grow, we have often to thank him for the best of our roses, as he flits from his fruit-trees to where roses are to peck at the bushes and take off the blight, as the whitethroat does, too, who also will leave with him.

In some parts of the country they call the whitethroat nettle-creeper; and to those who well know him, he is always amusing, from his restless, creeping, and hiding ways, and his thoroughly happy manner; as, though his note is so frequently less of a song than a sort of a murmuring twitter, he keeps on with it with crest erect, nor ceases when on the wing. He comes with the martin, the swallow, and redstart, and is as fond of ripe raspberries as the blackcap and bullfinch. The redstart—with his white spot and black patch, and his jerk of tail—is a favourite too, and a lively bird, and we are glad to hear his note; but as he is leaving us now, we must bid him good-bye till, thickset with primroses, the banks are well tufted, and the nightingale's song is beginning. With him goes also the pretty flycatcher, that in May came to show us the trust she has in us by building close to our windows, in fruit-tree or vine. Wall-bird we call her, and we like her well, though scarcely better than the restless winchat, with his white ring round the eye, and his dipping flight, and his playful roguish habits. We shall now miss him as we roam through the gorse on the common, or stroll through the young plantations; but when hyacinths are in the woods, and there are buttercup meadows, he will be back with the turtle-dove. For the loss of the shrike we have also some regret, as he mocks the songs of so many birds, including the nightingale; but for the night-jar—which, like the owl, makes no nest—our sorrow is certainly lessened, as his loud hum on June nights, in the neighbouring woods, had but little of music in it.

But much as we miss these absent birds, we shall miss still more the swallows—that in such numbers each evening are now about the mill-streams—when they cease to hawk round the reeds and the rushes. These, which we watch as they sweep the saffron-bloom in their farewell flight to the meadows, are the two that come earliest, the house-martins and swallows; and the latter we first saw as April came in, and the former a few days after, as they skimmed rapidly by through the one-arched bridge, that, by the old mill, spans the river; and there they kept, where the banks are well-screened by the willows, till a sunny day early in May, when they flew to and fro as we fished for trout, for each one was then busily building: the swallows, as usual, choosing chimneys and sheds, and the martins, the eaves of the hop-kilns and houses, and we could see which was which by their colour—the martins being black and white, and the swallows white, black, and chestnut. We heard their soft twitter through the long days of summer, and we watched them rear their broods.

In a lane hard by, where a sandpit lies back from the road, we used often to watch, too, the pretty sand-martins who came—white and mouse-colour—soon after the swallows, and picked at the bank till it was all full of holes, and then laid their eggs undisturbed, though so close did we stand by them each day that we could have touched them as they came to their nests. Then, as the swallows began to take to the buildings—which this year they did in the first week in May—came the latest and largest ones of the tribe, the white-throated sooty swifts, that used at sundown to flash with the speed of an arrow down the long village street, and then back by the barn, to whirl and twist round the church, with its old ivied tower, ere they settled themselves for the night. Though the last to come, they were the first to go, and we lost sight of them all in August; and now that their friends have flocked together, we shall soon see the last of the swallows. But, as we have the robin and thrush, and the blackbird, too, and the little gold-crested wren, we must hope, though we now miss so many known notes, that we still shall have somewhat of song.

ENJOYING THE SEA-BREEZE.

The promenade pier of a popular seaside town in September, on a fine bright day when the wind is not too cold, is a pleasant scene of wholesome idleness and free reception of the benefits of the holiday season. Fresh air on every side, purified and softened by passing over the vast breadth of ocean, unbounded sky filled with the mild sunlight of the autumn noonday, and the wide prospect of a heaving plain of glittering waves, traversed by distant vessels and relieved by the familiar features of the inhabited shore, make up an assemblage of glad influences which drive away care and may even prevent some forms of disease. The salutary effects of such a change from ordinary city life are universally acknowledged in modern society, but were less appreciated by former generations, when only the richer and more aristocratic classes might visit Weymouth, the favourite resort of King George III., or Brighton, patronised by the Prince of Wales. It is now, among families of the middle class, almost a point of social respectability to give the wives and children a sight of the sea once in the year, and every doctor recommends this salutary practice. Our Artist's picture of the company on the pier, "enjoying the sea-breeze," is a study of diverse characters, of both sexes and all ages, which the reader will find it worth while to examine.





SKETCHES IN AN ENGLISH HOP GARDEN.





ENJOYING THE SEA BREEZE.



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 7, 1884) of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart., M.P., late of Wynnstay, Denbighshire, who died on May 9 last, was proved on the 12th inst. by Dame Marie Emily Williams Wynn, the widow, Sir William Grenville Williams, Bart., the nephew, Charles Watkin Williams Wynn, the cousin, and Owen Slaney Wynne, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £105,000. The testator devises the estates of Llangedwin and Llanforda, and all his manors, lordships, advowsons, rights of presentation, mineral rights, lands and hereditaments in the counties of Denbigh and Salop, and all other his real estate whatsoever and wheresoever, to trustees, upon trust, to raise and pay to his wife a legacy of £6000, and an annuity while unmarried of £2000, in addition to the jointure provided for her by their marriage settlement; and a further sum not exceeding £500 per annum, to be applied at the discretion of his executors among deserving persons in his service, and others who may have been in receipt of his bounty; and also to permit his wife to use and enjoy, while she remains his widow, his town house in St. James's-square, with the stables, and his mansion house at Llangedwin, with pleasure-grounds adjoining, not exceeding one hundred and fifty acres, and the sporting and fishing rights over the Llangedwin and some other estates; subject thereto, he settles all the said estates to the use of his daughter, Louise Alexandra, for life, with remainder to her husband, his nephew Herbert Lloyd Watkin Williams Wynn, for life, with remainder to the first and other sons of his said daughter by her said husband, successively, and their heirs male, according to seniority. He specially secures to his wife the cabinets, jewellery, and other things which belonged to her at the time of her marriage, or have been purchased by or presented to her since; and he bequeaths to her one hundred dozen of wine, four carriages, and eight carriage-horses as she may select. The testator also leaves to his wife, for life or widowhood, his Sevres china, such plate as she may select to the extent of 4000 ounces, jewellery, cabinets, and other articles, and the household furniture and effects at St. James's-square and Llangedwin; all his plate, plated articles, pictures, linen, china, articles of vertu, jewellery, and household furniture, subject to the life interest given to his wife, are to be enjoyed as heirlooms with the mansion at Wynnstay; and he gives his consumable stores and the remainder of his liquors to the person who succeeds at his death to Wynnstay. To his daughter he bequeaths his live and dead farming stock, horses, cattle, sheep, and effects; to the said Charles Watkin Williams Wynn and to Viscount Combermere, £200 each; and to his executors in addition, £300 each. The residue of the personality is settled on his daughter, her husband, and sons, in a similar manner to the settlement of his real estate.

The will (dated May 20, 1881), with a codicil (dated April 25, 1882), of Sir John Salusbury Trelawny, Bart., J.P., D.L., Deputy Warden of the Stannaries, formerly M.P. for

Tavistock, and afterwards for East Cornwall, late of Trelawne, Cornwall, and of No. 25, Albert-gate, Knightsbridge, who died on the 4th ult., was proved on the 5th inst. by Walter Morshead, the nephew, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £7000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to each of his daughters, Mrs. Caroline Matilda Sterling and Mrs. Florence Backhouse; his furniture, pictures, plate, books, and effects at Trelawne or elsewhere to go as heirlooms with the mansion and estate of Trelawne; £250 to his executor; 100 guineas to his solicitor, Mr. Caunter; and an annuity of £60 to his nurse, Eliza Kerr. All his freehold estate and hereditaments, and his copyhold and leasehold property, he settles to the use of his son William Lew's Salusbury Trelawny for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to their respective seniorities in tail male. The residue of the personality he gives to his said son.

The will (dated Sept. 11, 1878) of Lieutenant-Colonel John Almerus Digby, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, but late of Chalmington House, Dorchester, who died on July 13 last, was proved on the 25th ult. by Walter James McGregor, Hugh Wyndham, and Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Edward Digby, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £58,000. The testator leaves £500 and an annuity of £600 to his late wife's sister, Miss Eleanor Blanche Wilhelmina Scott; his shares in the Phoenix Fire Office to his sons, George Hugh, Lionel, and Henry Montague; all his real estate to the use of his son George Hugh; £15,000, upon trust, for his daughter, Katharine Diana Digby; but if only one son attains twenty-one, she is to have £20,000 instead; and a few other legacies. The residue of the personality he gives to all his sons.

The will (dated Aug. 20, 1861), with two codicils (dated July 31, 1878, and Nov. 20, 1883), of Mrs. Rosetta Bishop, late of No. 51, Great Cumberland-place, Hyde Park, who died on July 28 last, was proved on the 31st ult. by James Bishop, the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £30,000. The testatrix bequeaths £9000, upon trust, for her son James, for life, and then for his children and the children of her late son George as shall be living at the death of James; and legacies to grandchildren, daughters-in-law, and other relatives, servants, and others. The residue of her property she gives to her son James.

The will (dated Dec. 13, 1881) of Mr. William Cozens, late of No. 1, Oxford Villas, Palace-road, East Molesey, who died on the 9th ult., was proved on the 21st ult. by the Rev. William Ferris Reynolds, Miss Harriet Annette Partridge, and Walter Hill Caporn, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £27,000. The testator, after bequeathing a few legacies, leaves the residue of his real and personal estate to his step-daughter, Miss Partridge, and his children—William Howard Cozens, Mrs. Caroline Chantry Caporn, Florence Chantry Cozens, Amy Chantry Cozens, Beatrice Cozens, and Hannah Maria Annette Cozens.

The will (dated Sept. 12, 1883), with a codicil (dated Aug. 19, 1884), of Mrs. Susannah Brooksbank, late of No. 5, Arundel-terrace, Brighton, who died on July 29 last, was proved on the 31st ult. by Arthur James Stopford De Vere Beauclerk, Henry Fellows, and James James, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testator bequeaths £500 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Samaritans' Fund of the Sussex County Hospital; £300 to the Church Missionary Society; £200 each to the London Missionary Society for the Livingstone Inland Mission, Congo River; the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, the Cripples' Home and Industrial School for Girls, the Army Scripture Readers' and Soldiers' Friend Society, and the National Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic, Queen's-square, Bloomsbury; £100 each to the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, the Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society, the Brighton Blind Asylum, and the Brighton Home for Female Penitents; all her share and interest in Ouseburn Lead Works, and in the capital, profits, real and personal estate belonging thereto, to her brother, James James; and numerous legacies to nephews, nieces, great-nephews, great-nieces, and other relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her great-nephew, Tom James.

The will (dated Aug. 30, 1880), with a codicil (dated May 5, 1885), of Mr. William Cooper, late of Crescent Wood House, Sydenham-hill, who died on May 6 last, at Brighton, was proved on the 29th ult. by William Cornish Cooper, the son, Alexander Townend, and Herbert Townend, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £22,000. The testator bequeaths £3000, upon trust, for his niece, Mary Ann Best, for life, and then, as to one moiety, for the British and Foreign Bible Society, and as to the other moiety, for the Church Missionary Society; £2000 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Missionary Society, and the London City Mission; £1000, upon trust, as a provision to facilitate for a time the conducting religious services in the Gospel-Room next Talma Tavern, Wells-road, Sydenham, and ultimately for the Disabled Missionaries Fund attached to the London City Mission; and specific and pecuniary legacies to his wife, son, and daughter; and pecuniary legacies to his executors. His freehold houses at Wapping, his residence, and also all his estate not consisting of pure personality, he leaves, upon trust, as to one third for his wife, Mrs. Ann Cooper, for life, and then for his daughter; one third for his daughter Ellen, and one third for his said son. As to the residue of his pure personality, he leaves one third, upon trust, for his sister Mary Henderson, for life; then, as to £2000 thereof, for her son, John Henderson, for life, and, at his death, for the British and Foreign Bible Society; and as to the remainder of the said third, for the Disabled Missionaries Fund of the London City Mission; one third for his sister Ann Cooper, for life, and then for the Church Missionary Society; and one third for his sister Mrs. Price, for life, and then for the London City Mission.

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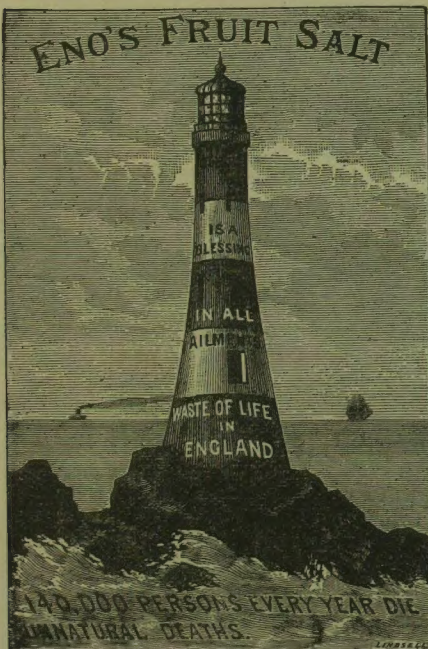
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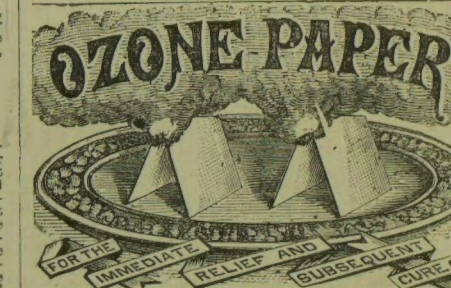
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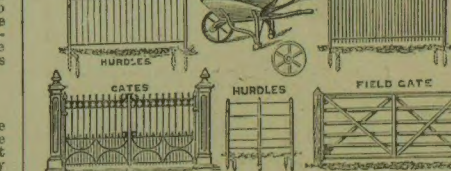
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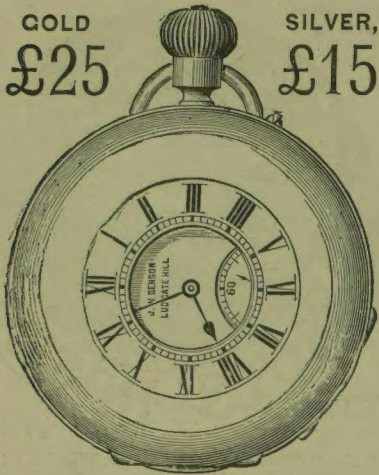
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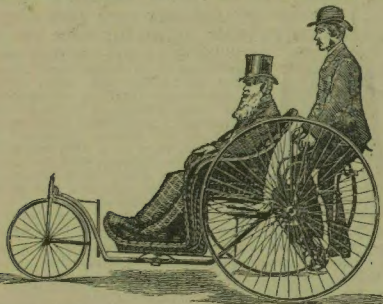
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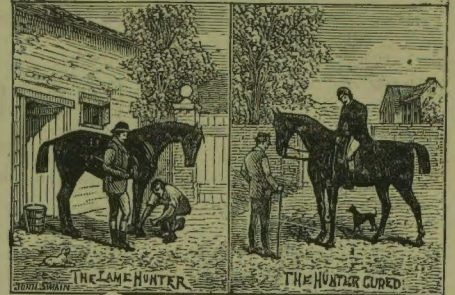
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